

FOOTPRINTS

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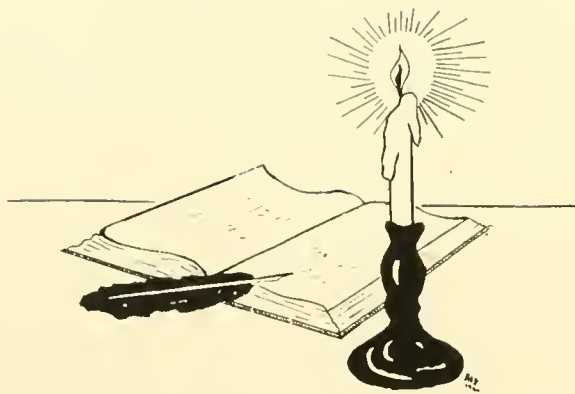


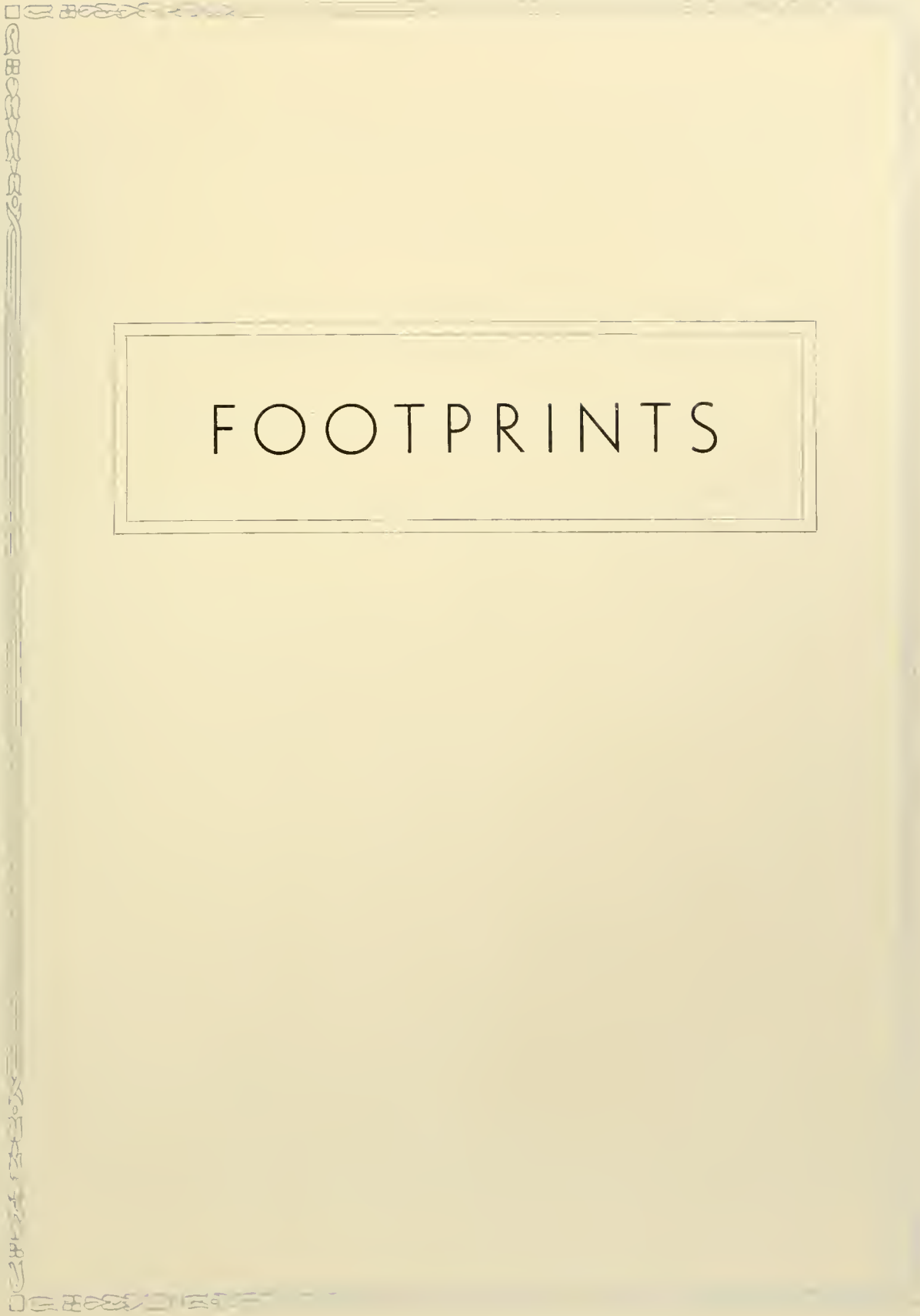
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ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

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1931





FOOTPRINTS





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Bishop of Brooklyn
President of St. Joseph's College

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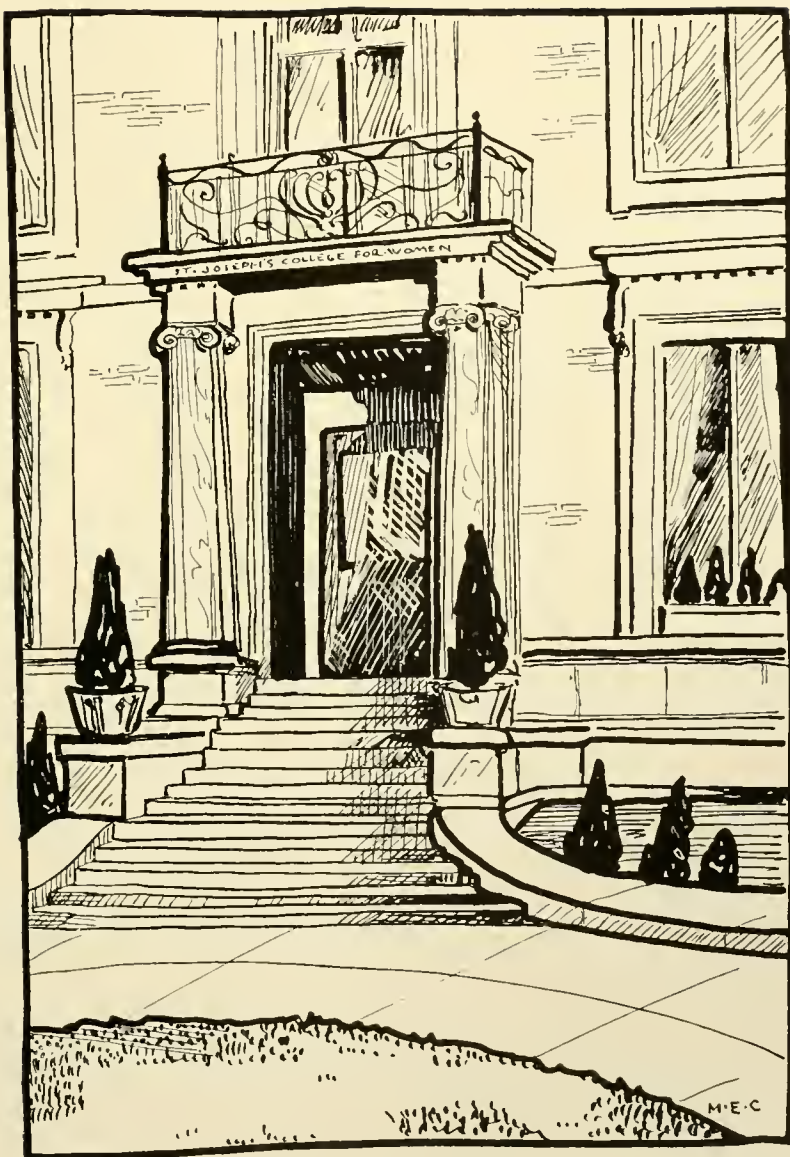


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FOOTPRINTS

1931



DEDICATION

TO SAINT JOSEPH'S,
our Mother, in recognition of
the tender, wise, and loving care
with which she guided our foot-
steps to the threshold of life, we,
her grateful children, pausing
before slipping from her kindly
embrace into a strange, bewilder-
ing world, dedicate this our final
endeavor as a concrete, though
inarticulate, pledge of our ap-
preciation and steadfast devo-
tion.

MARGARET M. WALLACE, '31

MARION R. BALTES



MARION hails from that famous Long Island town called Inwood and thus joins the ranks of the commuters who must make that train—whether half dead from the rush or not. But the rush has never affected Marion like that. She always appears calm and collected, an asset that is above all indispensable to the President of the Senior Class. Marion has been not only president of her class, but also has had various other stages in her development, such as basketball player, orator, poetess, debater and actress.

One of Marion's most distinctive traits is her refusal to bluff in her classes. Coupled with this is her inability to grow discouraged. The final proof of this is the fact that no matter how often the Sanctum curtains fell from their place, they were always replaced, in hope, by our President. Thus, charming, capable executive, '31 will long remember her.

CATHERINE P. BECKER



CAN you imagine a girl whose hair was always arranged in a series of perfect waves? A quiet girl, who managed to hold her stately bearing no matter what the situation? Then, you can imagine just what qualities Catherine has, which make her the sincere, loyal friend that she is. Not only is she true to her friends and companions, but this has been carried over to her Class and her School. Not Chauvinistic loyalty but rather the kind that is not afraid to see faults and correct them, that is willing to work for sheer interest in the betterment of the thing in question.

L A U R A F . B R E N N A N



THERE is one thing that will be eternally coupled with Laura's name in St. Joseph's and that is athletics. From her Sophomore year when she entered the basketball court as a novice until her Senior year when she held the responsible position of captain of the Varsity, basketball was to Larry reason enough for existence. Regardless of obstacles, she was always able, somehow, to put the same inspiring energy into the game, and come out of defeat or victory with a smile. To be a good sport seemed as natural as breathing to Larry.

Her avocation is to get just as much fun out of this business of living as is humanly possible. If there was to be a supper in the sanctum or a party of any nature, Larry was sure to be in on it, eager to help. Food to her assumed a real personality and was regarded from a peculiarly aesthetic viewpoint.

As a tribute to her good taste and judgment she was chosen chairman of Senior Week and succeeded in making that even, one of the most delightful in the annals of our class.

R I T A M . B R E N N A N



IF we were searching for a single phrase to characterize Rita we would choose "The Golden Girl." Of course, the obvious reason for the appellation is the mass of golden curls, Rita's crowning glory; but we also have in mind Rita's sunny disposition and the rich, warm depth of her nature. Rita is a popular member of the class and it is not mere surface popularity. The many girls who like and admire her do so with a world of sympathy and a genuine depth of feeling. Rita's wit is infectious, irresistible. She has a naïveté which is completely disarming, and refreshingly delightful in this age of the blasé.

Rita's chief interest has been in the Dramatic Society. Here her loyal work throughout the first three years at St. Joseph's led to her election as Vice-President of the group in her Senior year.

Long after brilliant achievements of scholarship and service are forgotten—one thing will gleam brightly in our memory—the shining golden head that is Rita's.

CATHERINE M. CARRINGTON



KAY'S natural turn for argument and her zest for a battle of wits have provided many an interesting hour for her classmates,—especially on philosophical subjects. This same willingness to get right to work on the business at hand was carried over to her extra-curricular interests. As a Freshman and as a Sophomore, Kay worked inconspicuously for Dramatics. Later, in Senior year, her natural executive ability was recognized and the Supper Club took form under her guidance.

Boundless sincerity and a willingness to forget herself in a cause, added to a touch of satiric cynicism give to Kay's companionship a tang which is wholly native. Her hard practicality often conceals a bit of ultra-feminine sentiment. Her attitude of nonchalance, and even scorn, often seems to be nothing more than a defense. We may not agree with her statements (and she is a woman of very definite convictions) but we must admire her whole-souled devotion and earnestness.

CATHERINE C. COUGHLIN



WE don't like to be platitudinous and say that good things come in small packages, but we really can't resist the temptation when speaking of Kay. She is the living proof of that old adage, combining in that small package so many good things that enumeration of them would seem like arrant flattery.

In her varied college career, Kay has filled many important offices. For four years she was our class representative at Field Day, and for two of those years she was a member of the Basketball Varsity. This last year she was made Captain of the Hockey Varsity and started that new activity of the College off with a series of victories. For more serious occupations she turned to the Student government and was member of the Student Council for two years, and Vice-President of the Undergraduate Association during her Senior year.

Despite her many activities, Kay succeeded in maintaining an unruffled calm. Obstacles left her placid, and finally seemed to become cowed and melt away before her very refusal to become excited.

DOROTHY F. COYNE



HOW a girl could contrive to be so very neat and at the same time live the perplexing and harried life of a college student will always be beyond our comprehension. Even that torturous and muscle-dislocating gym course failed to devastate Dot's daintiness—and that is the final test!

Remember Dot's hair? We were always intrigued by the fact that one head of hair could be cajoled into so many varied coiffeurs. They seemed to represent her particular mood for the day, running the gamut from the windblown to a straight, plastered-down effect.

GERALDINE R. CREEGAN



LIKE Helen's Babies, Gerry likes to "see the wheels go round." Problems of all sorts fascinate her and she is never content to let one go until she has run it to the logical reason for its existence. Can't you just see all the Math. originals being plowed down and laid low, one after the other, by her keen, analytical mind?

Mathematics being her weakness, adding points to a basketball score was always easy for Gerry. She played for four years on the class team and played a hard game.

By now everyone has a picture of Gerry as a tall, thin, ferret-like person. But that picture is very false for Gerry is not very tall, nor very thin, and not a bit ferretlike except in intellectual matters. She is a jolly companion, always ready for her share of the fun, yet willing too, to take her share of whatever responsibilities there are to be shouldered.

MARY E. CRONIN



ONE will remember Mary most for the things that she has done for us. Hers has been a truly active career. It is almost impossible to count up the number of committees on which she served, not only well, but also wisely enough to bring them to a successful conclusion. She started her political career from the day she was elected Class President in her Sophomore year, and she has not been any less active since she became the President of the Undergraduate Association.

Her honors have not rested too seriously on her head, however, for she has managed to remain as friendly and as sincere to all, as she was when we first knew her as a Freshman. Perhaps the greatest compliment that could be paid to one in her position was given to her by an Alumna who said she forgot when talking to Mary that she really was the head of the U. A. And that, we think, is an achievement.

The English Department, too, has occasion to remark on the cleverness of this young lady with a pen. She is typically Johnsonian by her tendency to discuss at length with her friends the problems of the day, over a steaming cup of coffee; but she manages to catch the humor of a Wodehouse, and the clever satire of an Erskine to prevent her from the stodginess of pure Johnsonianism. We shall remember her familiarly with her steaming cup of coffee.

ROSE M. CULLIGAN



THE only blot on an otherwise stainless record at Saint Joseph's was Rose's habit of beating the nine o'clock bell,—by about ten seconds, and so native are honesty and sincerity to her that even this minor lapse in her ethical behavior was the result of a tremendous effort on her part to get there at all.

As an active member of the Honor System Committee for three years, and for some time as Chairman, Rose brought to that body the high idealism and undaunted courage that are characteristic of all that she undertakes. These same qualities shone in her Social Service work, with the addition to them of an abundant store of sympathy and understanding.

History, however, was her first love, and to that she remained faithful during all her stay at Saint Joseph's. It was to that club and those activities that she brought the bubbling enthusiasm and exuberance of eternal youth which have made her our own Peter Pan.

M A R I E A . D U F F Y



WHEN we become school teachers we hope that all our pupils are like Marie Duffy, for then they will all be quiet, well-mannered, little girls. But this is not all there is to Marie; she is a very capable and independent young lady, with the faculty for securing what she wants quietly and with ease. Hurry, confusion, and bluster are foreign to her. She is the kind of girl your mother wishes you were. It is not Marie's way to "kick against the pricks." She waits with self-possession until the "pricks" remove themselves.

Marie's unfailing attendance at dances with a certain tall young man leads us to believe that we are not the only ones to appreciate the fact that she would make an ideal life companion. At the close of her stay at St. Joseph's we feel moved to chide her for too great reticence. But we give hearty thanks for one girl who showed a total lack of "temperament."

MARION H. ELBERFELD



ON meeting Marion one is immediately impressed by her enthusiasm and vitality. She throws her mind and heart into whatever she does—be it painting the Sanctum furniture (which seems to be Marion's artistic forte) or endeavoring to construct a new and vital program for the Literary Society. Equally striking, and perhaps because of her enthusiasm so well-developed, is her spirit of good comradeship and cheer which is so characteristic and so contagious. Her arrival in the midst of any group is the signal for gloom to depart.

She has frequently and informally entertained some lonely Mumma who returned to the College unexpectedly, revealing particularly at this time a genuine interest in those with whom she came in contact.

Whether we judge her by her scholastic record, or by her attendance at collegiate affairs, we find Marion one of the most active and best liked members of the class of '31.

MARGARET M. FERRY



TO be able to assimilate a vast amount of knowledge and still not merit that disparaging nickname of "grind" is the enviable position which Marge has filled for the last four years. Her phenomenal memory, her apparently inexhaustible supply of energy, her well attended pre-exam. courses are as characteristic of Marge as her wholehearted participation in numerous and varied extra-curricular activities.

An active member of the language clubs, the Glee Club and the Serenaders, Margaret also served successfully as chairman of G. A. entertainment for two years. She numbers song writing among her gifts and wrote the music for that very successful musical comedy "Meet the Duke." In collaboration with Amy Fraas, she gave us the College Marching Song. In her spare moments, she finds time to keep in the first rank of students and to give her interested coöperation to the Mercier Circle.

GENEVIEVE E. FINN



FASTIDIOUSNESS + Finn = Genevieve, fastidiousness, not finical but rather refined and dainty. Everything Gene does is characterized by a care and finish that is second nature to her. Her taste naturally tends toward the arts rather than the more strenuous pleasure of basketball or hockey. Not only is she a very valuable member of the Serenaders, but her artistic abilities have been freely given to Glee Club and Dramatics.

So much for the fastidiousness, you say; but what about the Finn? Ah—that comprises the sincere, conscientious endeavors and the ever-ready helping hand that round out this artistic nature and make the whole a lovable person. Gene's lessons are always fully prepared with a little over for good measure. And who ever heard her refuse to make a poster to boost this or that around the college? And delightful posters they always were, promoting the cause of art as well.

Genevieve, the mathematical major and the algebraic sum of these characteristics has proven a true daughter of our Alma Mater. May St. Joseph's gather within its ranks many more of her calibre!

KATHLEEN A. FORD



A SPANISH senorita, a Donald Ogden Stuart, an embryonic Edna St. Vincent Millay, all encompassed by about four feet ten inches of flesh and blood. There you have Kay Ford! Kay is not Spanish by birth, but she is by virtue of adoption. She is an ardent student of Spanish, treating her major as a hobby rather than something to be "boned up." Under her guidance, the Spanish Club has taken a place among the active study clubs.

But Kay has more than all that as just claim to fame. She finished her college course in three and one-half years, and managed not to let that interfere with her natural wit and humor. She finds outlet for this by running the gamut from playing practical jokes to writing comic poems. And speaking of her poems.—Kathleen is famous for hers which appear with regularity in the College magazine. In them she can imprison all the fleet loveliness of a passing moment; all the delicate shadings of the things which have been caught in her quick intuitive glances at life.

AMY T. FRAAS



THERE is always one insistent need in college—that of having someone in whom to confide one's troubles. From the very first we recognized in Amy one who was by temperament fitted for the onerous task of listening to all our troubles with sympathy. We expected her to keep up the morale when any crucial moment arrived and she never failed us—that was all that there was to it. It might have been the infectious nature of her laugh; it might have been—though we are ashamed to confess it—the unceasing flow of puns which Amy could devise in any situation.

Amy has a marvellously sane perspective of life. She knows when it is time for work, and when it is time for fun. She gave unsparingly of her energy to both. On the Varsity for four years she proved her good sportsmanship. In the social realm no class event was quite complete unless Amy was there to sing the "very latest" for us. It was no surprise then, when she made our Senior Prom a success for she knows the true value of a good time and how to plan it for others.

THERESA E. GHIOLD



THERESA possesses something that is unusual in this modern civilization of ours,—she has a genuine interest in her fellow-man. It was this which led her to major in Social Science. This has caused innumerable discussions ranging from the responsibility of the late war to the solving of the problem of just what is a living wage.

Theresa will long be remembered by her classmates for her easy acceptance of what the day brought. She rarely worried, and still less rarely engaged in a quarrel. Her historical studies and her work with the Social Service Group have shown the futility of all that. She is a living exponent for peace and arbitration—thus showing both her wisdom and good sense.

BEATRICE C. GREENBAUM



THAT quick, joyous flash from dark Gypsy eyes bringing in its wake an almost reluctant Quaker smile is the first thing you like about Beatrice because it is the first thing you know of her.

All during Freshman year she kept us only suspecting her talents and abilities because of her timid friendliness. But in Sophomore year, when first she raised the bow of her treasured violin to play for us, St. Joseph's found the beginning of the fulfilment of the promise in her eyes. Little wonder that since that day she has been the featured member of the Serenaders, as well as their treasurer, secretary and president in each succeeding year.

Consistent with her love for the beauty of music is her appreciation and admiration of the true and beautiful in literature; parallel to the magic of her playing is the charm and subtle humor of her writing. For three years on the staff of "LORIA," she lightened its pages with sparkling and timely comment.

Quietly, calmly, unassumingly, Beatrice has realized more success than most of us ever hoped for. '31 hopes she will count it a measure of success that she has won so high a place in our affection.

MARION R. HICKEY



JUST to prove that femininity and helplessness are not synonymous, Marion, one of '31's most feminine members, has time and again capably handled the management of class feasts. So renowned was her fame because of these affairs that Mission Day, back in '30, found her in charge of the Tea Room, and doing a flourishing business.

Marion's domestic proclivities, however, did not prevent her from being one of the most delightful dancers we have seen. As half the dancing team of Hickey and Ferry she "tapped" her way into the social history of '31.

Gentle and dignified, Marion also possesses that priceless gift, a sense of humor. Tie to these foregoing characteristics a sincerity of purpose and a true devotion to her Alma Mater and you will have the reason why '31 is proud of this member.

MARY J. HODGINS



WE are beginning to believe that Mary fits into the Barrie class. An endeavor to analyze her personality seems to result just as inevitably in an explosion of such adjectives as whimsical, naïve and delightful.

There is something in Mary that is deeper than all this. There is strength behind the delicate coloring of her personality that is at first a source of astonishment and then of admiration. It helps her to face a situation of any sort with a calm self-assurance, and helps her to be the staunch friend she is. Mary gives neither her friendship nor her confidences with a free hand, but when given it is offered generously, and the gift is much more appreciated. She has achieved the miracle of being frank yet not hurting others by her frankness. She has been truthful and loyal as a matter of course, and by those things to which she was most faithful she will be remembered most.

MARY J. HURLEY



AS long as we can remember her Mary has been our idea of the sophisticated collegiate, often seen in pictures, often read about, but very seldom seen. From the tip of her well coiffured head, to the soles of her very fashionably-clad feet, Mary has consistently worn what the well dressed woman will wear this season.

Naturally, being so typically collegiate in other matters, Mary is up to the mark when it comes to conversation. There is no topic on which she is at a loss for ideas. Her interest in History and Social Science has added a great deal to this, so her abilities are well rounded out.

HELEN M. KELLIHER



WE would suggest an hour of Helen as the surest antidote for a bad case of the Monday morning blues. Helen is certainly not the Pollyanna type, but is the possessor of humor that is a rare gift, a sort of spontaneous bubbling over, the appeal of which is well-nigh irresistible. It is a part of her heritage and of her nature, an expression of her personality.

Helen has often been accused of being blasé, but her curly hair and twinkling blue eyes belie this accusation. Possessing these characteristics of her Celtic ancestors, Helen is whimsical, clever and witty. A certain boyish sense of fair play and comradeship add the finishing touches to her jolly, carefree nature, to which she gave outlet, above all, in the songs and performances of the Glee Club.

M A R I E B . K I D D



IN her Junior year, Marie achieved distinction by bringing about the adjourning of a U. A. meeting because she was indiscreet enough to announce to the world that she was hungry. That incident tells a lot about her character. Faced with a situation that requires action—Marie does not hesitate to act. Neither is her action timid nor cowardly. She hits directly from the shoulder—whether it will cause unpleasantness or not.

Rather taciturn to the world at large, Marie expands to her friends. With them she is the gay companion who likes a good time,—but she never turns from the practical side of her nature which is inclined to scrutinize carefully before accepting. The contrast afforded by her straight back and her generous hands, her stern eyes and her smiling mouth is one that has given much matter for consideration to her fellow-psychologists of the class of '31.

JEANETTE M. KLIPP



JEANETTE, although a recent arrival in our midst, quickly made herself a welcome member of our group. Having had a year of business experience, Jeanette knows how to coöperate without causing unnecessary fuss or confusion. She did her share toward making class functions a success, utilizing her practical experience gained in her year of absence. In particular she has given Glee Club her services.

Jeanette is quiet and demure, but has succeeded in achieving more scholastic success than some of her more noisy companions. She was also numbered among those rare personalities—the “non-cut” students.

M A R G A R E T M. L A V E R Y



PEG LAVERY is known as an all-around girl. She is of the type who can go out every night in the week, and yet get no red marks on her card. Her abilities in Athletics and practical business led to her being elected Manager of the Varsity this last year, and she managed so skilfully that many victories have been added to its score.

Peggie entered College under a handicap. She was a graduate of a "Convent School." She soon proved not only her own worth, but also the falsity of the idea that "convent-school" girls are snobs. Her friendly aid to others less able scholastically, her superb playing on the class team in Freshman year, and her ready attendance at all the College dances and plays made her a general favorite. She is a pleasing combination of the serious and the "silly," a companion to play around with, and a friend in need.

MARY M. MARINO



MARY is famous for her energetic performances, whether they are in the line of scholastic endeavor or dramatic rehearsals. One of the few French majors of '31, she has starred consistently in the annual play given by the Cercle Molière for the past three years. Vivacious, and unself-conscious she has managed to eclipse the other members of her chosen activity—the French Club.

In addition to her duties as President of the French Club, Mary has given generously of her time and ability to the other extra-curricular activities. Posters, scenery construction, stage management, all have testified to the interest she has taken in the social affairs of the College.

In conclusion, let us say, that for three years, Mary has been one of two girls holding down one of the best jobs in the college. She was given the privilege of opening and closing the Chapel doors for Benediction. Never once did she fail to be there at the proper time. And that we think is a good cross-section of her character.

JULIA E. McDONNELL



WHERE to begin? With the editor, pencil balanced precariously over one ear, eyebrow raised appraisingly, manuscript in hand? With the philosopher, debating a contested point with a never failing interest in the abstract and with a devastating logic? Or with the French student, tasting the fruits of past and present culture with a quizzical air—always absorbed by their intrinsic values but not always approving?

Or shall I begin with the girl who has adopted consideration as the first rule of life? Who has learned somehow that most of us are terribly in need of someone to help us out of scrapes and to consider once in a while our likes and dislikes? That is the way Jule best deserves to be remembered, the characteristic that overrides the force of her personality. There are plenty of clever people in the world—that in itself would hardly distinguish her—but the people who understand and accept the responsibilities of friendship are few and far between.

ELEANOR B. McLOUGHLIN



TALL, straight, wearing eye-glasses—that first vision of Eleanor, distinctly false as it was, made her seem a stern martinet who had landed by some irony of Fate in a young women's college. As we came to know her, we learned how different the real Eleanor is from that first impression. Straight and stern—yes, and a martinet indeed in things of honor or of duty. But aside from that just as fun-loving as any ordinary collegian; and gifted with that love of Music, so characteristic of her race, she is herself a skilful pianist.

Eleanor has always been a faithful student, sacrificing her pleasures, if necessary, to keep up her scholastic average. Her studies have not, however, engrossed all of her time. She is a loyal member of the school body and has been among the first to think rationally and effectively when her Alma Mater has been faced with problems directly affecting the U. A. In her thought and leadership for right, she has often been a source of inspiration to some of us, who are not quite so honorable, not quite so ideal.

GERALDINE F. McMAHON



ANYONE who has had the opportunity of observing Geraldine's record as a successful chairman of innumerable social events in St. Joseph's would undoubtedly exclaim at her energy, her executive ability, and her possession of all the other qualities which seem to fit the requirement of a brilliant leader. Anyone who has had equal occasion to judge her enviable scholastic record would remark as well and as admiringly her mental powers.

Strangely enough, however, those are not the things which her intimates consider as her outstanding characteristics; in fact those are the points which are sadly neglected in their analyses. Occasionally, discerning ones have dared to challenge the transparency of Geraldine's temperament; have dared to suspect shifting currents under the placid surface of her character. Somewhere within her is a quiet, cloistered spot where her true self resides, hidden under the outward manifestations of her joy in just living.

M A R I E B . M U L L I C A N



MARIE is, to our mind, the epitome of what the well-bred woman will wear, do or say this season. Perhaps this impression is due to the fact that she has made a specialty of her Oral English courses instead of using them for amusement as most of us did. At any rate, her voice, appearance and actions all tend to heighten the impression that Marie will no doubt become a club woman in the future, to direct plans for the support of some worthy institution.

This firm, capable side of Marie's nature explains her success in the musical line. As pianist for the Glee Club, she did a lot to make their shows a success,—and was such a success herself that she was elected President of the Glee Club in her Senior year. This year was a particularly successful one in that it was the production of an original Musical Comedy, in which Marie took an active part. The overwhelming success of this play was proof enough of its merit. To Marie we can only add that we hope that her grace and charming manners will make as many friends in the future for her as they have done at St. Joseph's.

MARGARET E. MURPHY



MARGARET is all that her name implies. Margaret, tall and yet rather demure, the gentlewoman saying her beads, and Murphy—the ready Irish wit and love of achievement. Her activities on the Religion Committee have given Margaret a chance to exercise the very evident zeal she has for spreading the Faith. Anything for the Missions or for the propagation of her religion immediately arouses her whole-hearted enthusiasm. She seems, too, to be guided by some loving Power above in the choice of her chairmen for all the affairs run under her regime have been very successful.

The Irish side of her nature comes out in her ability to juggle figures. Early in her College life she chose Math as the scene of her conquests, and she has been thorough enough to win. Add to this her excellent technique in drawing, and you have an idea of the strange combination of which the sum total is Margaret (Rita) Murphy.

MARION A. MYERS



MARION "oinked" her way into our hearts the first week we knew her and by just being herself has retained that place ever since. Her droll sense of humor has helped out in many situations and her fine spirit of coöperation has been characteristic of her throughout her four years in St. Joseph's.

Constant running for the morning train supplied her with the training and breath necessary for her career as star forward on the varsity. But her basketball prowess is overshadowed only by her versatility in Dramatics where she has portrayed every rôle from radio announcer to Juno.

Her unassuming manner, even in the light of singular achievements, and her all-inclusive readiness to help, won for her the esteem and admiration of not only '31 but of all who came in contact with her.

HELEN E. NEWMAN



A FEW delicious chuckles plus a pair of dancing, roguish eyes and you have Helen. And Helen when she is being irrepressible is also altogether irresistible and wholly enchanting. She has that natural faculty for dispensing charm and gaiety. The ideal hostess, putting people at ease immediately by her gracious personality, Helen is one of those few who enjoy equal popularity with both sexes. Having Helen as a member of the undergraduate body, St. Joseph's was always sure of being represented at any week-end, social activities.

In the future we feel sure that at the mention of Helen Newman the face of any member of '31 will light up at the memory of its naughty, delightful, and altogether lovable member.

M A R I E E . O ' C O N N O R



WE have met pretty girls, and naïve girls, and even some "snooty" girls but we never met a girl who always "had a giggle 'way down here" ('here' indicating the place where other people usually have indigestion) until we met Marie O'Connor. Having met her, we soon discovered that Marie always found a situation to relieve this distress caused by a smothered giggle and substituted in its place a not altogether flute-like burst of laughter.

Enthusiastically devoted to sports, Marie was captain of our class basketball team for two years. When hockey was introduced as an extra-mural sport she was captain, manager and inspiration of the team, announcing practice by unique notices on the bulletin board and "managing" so successfully that St. Joseph's won all games but one that they played.

But Marie's skill couples a keen imagination with marked literary ability—a combination which aided her in prophesying the future of the hopeful graduates as she has so ingeniously and admirably done.

GENEVIEVE J. OLIVER



FEMININE to the nth degree, Gen lost none of this charm when she played basket-ball. She played forward on the class team for four years and got keen satisfaction out of the playing. Quite a number of Gen's affections are tied up with athletics in one form or another.

Next to her love of basket-ball, Gen possesses a perfect yen for exemptions and manages to wriggle two or more A's on her card at the end of each semester. But even this distinctive honor never went to the head of one of the friendliest members of '31.

With just that smart touch of originality, which lends distinction, in her personal appearance, Gen has always supported the social functions run by the College. Her coöperation was cheerfully given to the Junior Prom Committee and she was a most desirable asset to the Glee Club productions. The Press Committee under her regime broadened its field, presenting to the college an interesting and uniquely illustrated publication.

JANET N. PRENDERCAST



JANET has been renowned for her support of the Varsity. Although not on the team herself, rare, if ever did she miss a game, even if going necessitated a trip to Georgian Court and back on the same day. Such was her loyalty, that she might be called the unofficial mascot of the 1931 Varsity.

In addition to her loyalty to the varsity, Janet has been equally loyal to her job on the Attendance Committee. For three years, as a lower classman, she worked on the unwelcome task, and in her Senior year she presided over the committee. The work was difficult, requiring unflinching following of an ideal that was hard to maintain. But Janet never failed, although the onerous part of the task often devolved on her.

M A D E L I N E M. R E I L L Y



O H! Those mathematical minds! For four years Madeline has led us through the mazes of a mind which would know the why and wherefor of everything from Ethics to hair color,—and it has been a merry chase.

Not only is Mad accurate in her Mathematics courses, but she also carries over this rare quality into her extra-curricular activities. Beware of her when she has a rifle in her hand! For several years she has been on the Rifle Squad and the scores that she has attained have been enviable ones. She will certainly make some soldier when we turn Soviet. Until then however, she will probably not be able to make much use of her ability. At least we hope not, for she intends to enter upon a business career, and one bad miss would be the end of that!

M A R I E L . R I C K E R B Y



MARIE and the drama—well they're just like this—(business of folding one's fingers over each other in a significant manner). From her Freshman year when she figured in those regions, so remote and indistinguishable, back-stage, Marie has centered all her attention on the Dramatic Society. The result of her devotion was the office of President in her Senior year.

Marie's natural ability and tendencies toward histrionics have enlivened many a promising dull session for her classmates. Totally unconscious of self, she can give some of the cleverest imitations in existence; and dialogues are her particular indoor sport. Entertainment features for Alumnae Week and for G. A. have been the expression of her flair for this type of work. In particular are we grateful for the ray of brightness which she managed to cast on the darkest of occasions.

Poise, grace and confidence, on and off stage, have made of her one the people to be especially remembered by the Class of '31.

KATHERINE M. RIORDAN



CHILD-POET, philosopher, weaver of dreams—a pert modern with thirteenth century leanings, Katherine is the sort of girl her friends never call Kay. She is a combination of all that is Celtic and Catholic, possessing rare sensitivity to beauty and music, and showing herself a model, by her uncompromising attitude toward meanness of any sort, of that Faith which she so cherishes.

Katherine is a woman of well-defined likes and dislikes. She likes Wilson, prefers old to new things and knows music better than most of us, although she cannot play. She likes activity and has served on many different committees for the various dances. She is distant to most people but her friendship, once given, is stanch and loyal.

DOROTHY M. ROESER



DOROTHY has managed to get a great deal from her life at Saint Joseph's. Always an indefatigable worker, she has shown that spirit in her scholastic and in her extra-curricular activities. Not that Dorothy is deserving of the name—so opprobrious to any collegian—of grind. Far from that. But she has been able to apply herself in such a way that she has picked up an immense amount of information and knowledge. If anyone wanted to know something—be it the date of the Magna Charta or Rousseau's Social Contract, Dorothy was always able to reach into the recesses of her mind and obtain the desired material.

In addition to her work scholastically, we must say a word about her persistence. Given the task of collecting the money for Footprints, she went about her job quietly, systematically, and unassumingly. Perhaps that is why she was such a success.

CATHERINE V. SALSANO



ANYONE who has had the pleasure of attending the yearly performances of the French Club has enjoyed the histrionic ability that Catherine has displayed there. French, and anything that concerns it in any way, was her greatest interest.

Her acting revealed fresh abilities to us—her delightful interpretation of various characters of Molière helped us to interpret her.

Always we have associated with her a great deal of common sense, a sense of humor that enlivened the gloomiest of situations and a genius for quiet, unpretentious friendship.

VIVIA M. SHARPE



VIVIA is our paradox. She is at one time the carefree, unrestrained child of naturalness, the supreme funster—and the next moment the serious student of well-attained purpose. No one would suspect the owner of plump and perfect note-books to be one and the same girl who goes about gaily, joking with everyone,—and a friend to everyone.

For the more serious side of her nature, College has offered her the responsibility of membership on the Attendance Committee. The German Club and the Mercier Circle also share her interest. As a student, she bears an enviable reputation among the professors as to the thoroughness of her work. As a collegian, she bears the proud name of being the best dialect imitator in the school. Thus with all her qualities, there is a natural combination which results in charm of personality.

ROSEMARY A. SHERIDAN



ROSEMARY, despite the reputation that a fiery thatch carries with it, has an enviable disposition. Accustomed to being only one of many children, she is never domineering or self-assertive but rather reserved. This has prevented her from being as active and prominent about the college as her natural endowments have fitted her to be. We can testify to the fact that Rosemary, no matter the situation, never loses her refinement and gentle reserve.

She is as far from priggishness as she is from vulgarity—a keen sense of humor, a very smart appearance, and a love for all sorts of fun bear this out. She is one of those lucky few who have a vocation all decided. Rosemary is going to do advanced library work. We feel her choice to be in keeping with her personality and we know that in it she will achieve the recognition and success she deserves.

DOROTHY C. SNOW



IF you are looking for nonchalance in the class of '31 let us introduce Dorothy. She presents a perfect picture of the calm, dignified, and poised senior. But do you remember that story about the discrepancy between the book and its cover? Well, when Dorothy sees or hears anything that appeals to her sense of humor she doesn't burst into laughter, no; nor does she quietly smile—she produces a sound between a chuckle and a giggle which is very infectious. It is this unsophisticated manner of appreciating a joke that reveals the true Dorothy. Beneath her calm exterior is a fun-loving, impulsive nature well-known, and liked by all who know her.

Dorothy possesses, among her other charms, a beautiful singing voice, which '31 has heard far too few times for its satisfaction. In order to bear out Mr. Shakespeare in his theory on names, Dot Snow is a *tall girl* with an abundance of *raven* tresses.

EDITH A. STANLEY



IT might lead to serious misunderstanding if it were revealed that Edith went through the major part of her college career with the dubious title of "saxophone" attached to her name. The term is simply explained and reveals much about the particular young lady who bears such laurels. Edith's laugh is very different from the ordinary run—in fact, it is the best imitation of a saxophone—except a saxophone itself. Not that Edith is not of a serious turn of mind, but she learned long ago that maxim "Laugh and the world laughs with you—Weep and you weep alone." As a philosopher she knows that more can be accomplished with a broad grin than with a frown.

Edith's laugh has become for us the epitome of her personality. It is the embodiment of a delightful sense of humor and an unfailing good nature. Into it we have learned to read all the things about Edith that have made her so lovable—her willingness, her generosity, her loyalty to her class and her "gang," and her thorough dependability.

ANN M. STOKES



LOOKING back on the time Ann has been with us we can find no occasion when she was angry or sulky. Ann is too fine for that. Though not a member of any so-called crowd or "gang" she didn't keep to herself, alone and lonely, either. Her friends are many and scattered throughout the four classes.

Ann's secret ambition is to go to China. Why there, of all other places, is difficult to fathom. She is preparing for her future missionary work by faithful devotion to the fertile and extensive field of Social Service. Perhaps she intends to combine her work in History and in English with her knowledge of and liking for law and by traveling to this far away land, to put into use the principles she is so engrossed in learning now.

MARY D. VENEZIA



WHENEVER Mary Venezia's name is mentioned, a gentle, affectionate smile will cross the face of each member of '31. And that we feel is a compliment. Mary herself, excels in the art of smiling. She was the one girl who knew when to laugh and how to do it. No one managed to be gloomy when she was near, for hers was a remarkably contagious mirth.

Mary however, has worked as hard as she has laughed. Not merely in her school work, but also in her contacts with other people. She was a veritable friend in need, and arrived when help was wanted most badly. That help we may add, was never long in coming, and its coming was equally quiet and unobtrusive. No credit was claimed, but some must be given despite her protests.

The French Club had an active member in her person, and so, too, the Philosophy Club, of which she was made Chairman of the Program Committee. On both, she has continued that quiet, unobtrusive work and that gay, cheering laughter.

M A R G A R E T M . W A L L A C E



MARGE presents those who know her with a problem. The problem of verbally appreciating someone who is truly fine. Someone who is gold without its false glitter, language without its euphuisms, color without its tawdriness. Such a one is Margaret. She is fine without attempting to proclaim her fineness. She is not only generous with her support in all things—she can be relied upon to back her promise by performance.

Speaking of dependability naturally calls to mind the excellent support that Margaret gave to the Honor System Committee during her four years at College. The faith that the Committee had in her was shown by her election as Chairman of that Committee in her last year at St. Joseph's. Her own personal conduct and ideals have always been an example for the rest of us of what real honor consists. She really is that elusive, much talked about person, the Catholic Woman.

M A R I E C . W A R D



MARIE'S artistic temperament is attested to by her four years of violin playing in Serenaders and her penchant for costumes with harmonious accessories. Someone has said that an able musician is an able mathematician or vice versa, we don't remember which. Confirming this statement is Marie's selection of Math as her major. In line with her major is her other extra-curricular activity, the Point System Committee on which she has efficiently served as a member and, in her senior year, as chairman.

But Marie's interest is not limited to those societies of which she is an active member. Every social affair finds her willing to help make it a success either by her presence as a spectator or by her diligent work on committees. Sincere, loyal, and efficient in a quiet, unsung fashion, Marie possesses a devotion and an affection to St. Joseph's that set her apart from the throng.

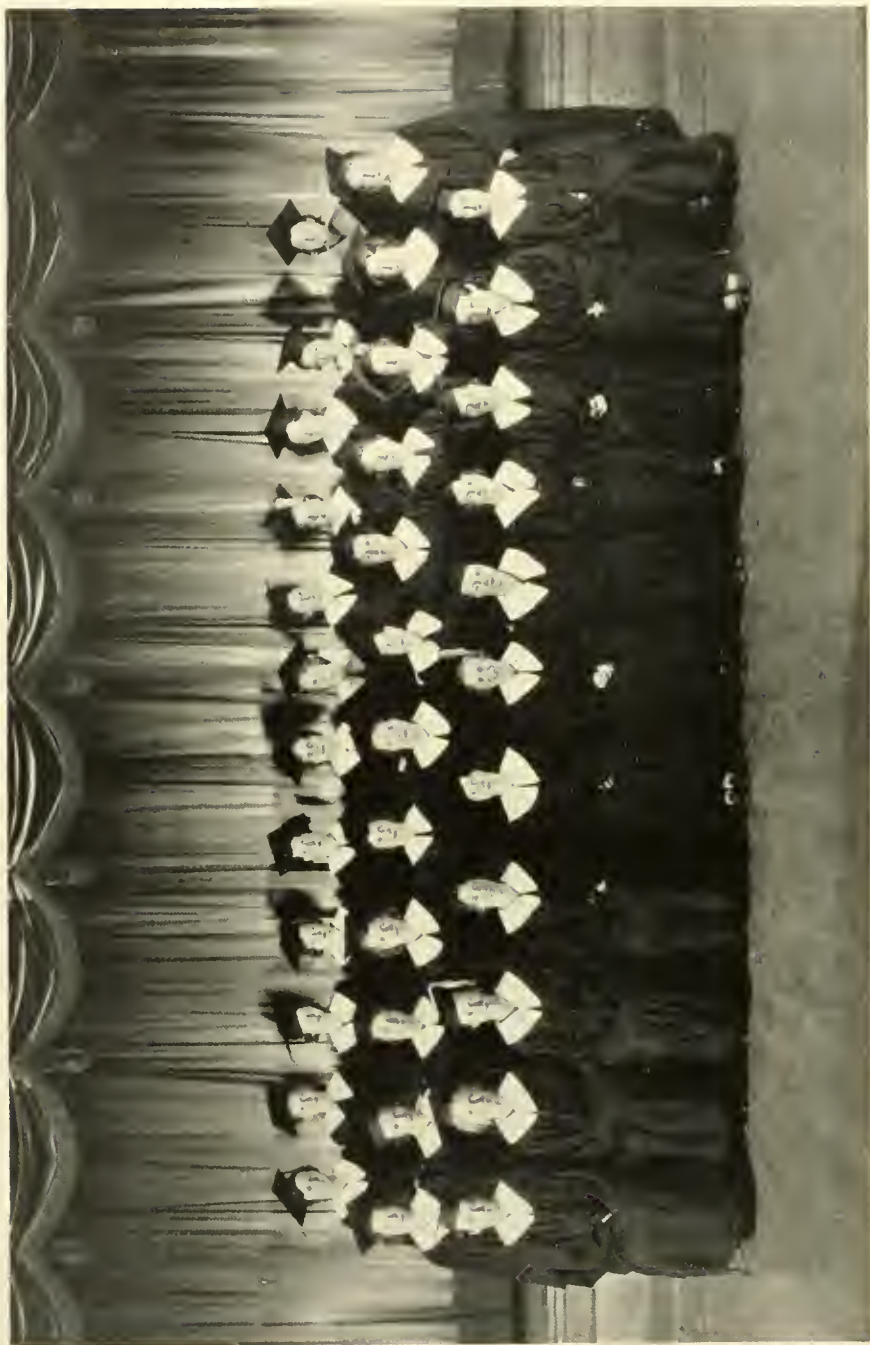
MARION E. WILLMOTT



THE possessor of many talents, Marion is exceedingly accomplished and it is characteristic of her that she has achieved success in whatever she has attempted. Besides attaining a scholastic record notable for its total lack of red ink, Marion also rates highly in artistic ability, and she has created many charming posters for Saint Joseph's affairs.

Her willingness to play delightful, "catchy" music of the day at our class affairs was further evidence of that spirit of coöperation seen in her work on the Supper Club and Senior Prom committees, and as Photographic editor of Footprints.

Marion possesses intelligence and ability to think clearly and to express herself directly that will help her in any field of endeavor she may choose. While she has won our admiration by the accomplishments with which she is gifted, she has won our esteem because of her vital personality.



History of the Class of '31

FOUR years ago we entered the portals of Saint Joseph's, eager, hopeful but rather awestricken at the idea that we were college women. But in those four years, seemingly endless, our awe has turned to affection, to a deep and sincere love for the college which has given to us our ideals, our ambitions, and our lasting friendships. Go back with us in spirit through those four years which now seem to us to have been all too short.

Freshmen!—What memories that word conjures up for us! The delightful Junior Luncheon which introduced us to the spirit of kindness and welcome so indicative of Saint Joseph's, the reception of the Undergraduate Association, which renewed the genial spirit engendered by our Junior Sisters, and the hazing, that outstanding event of our first year.

One bright October day, our sun was darkened by a letter which was sent to us by the Sophomores, preparing us for our initiation into college life. Hectic days followed, shopping for water wings, yellow stockings, woolen mittens, and all that made up the costume of an Angel of Fool's Paradise. We were most skilfully put in our places by that most efficient chairman, Helen Bennett, and her committee. The Sophomores, however, proved to be even better hostesses than hazers, for the welcome we received from them served to cement a close friendship between the two classes.

We very soon became an integral part of the life which had at first seemed to be unattainable; taking possession of our sanctum; joining the various extra-curricular clubs, social, scholastic and athletic—even becoming familiar with that more distasteful part of college life, the use of blue books. Parties, teas, dances, play, lectures filled the year, but being Freshmen, we took more of a passive than an active part. The consummation of the year came with class day, a perfect one for us. But it meant that just three years remained for us at Saint Joseph's.

Sophomores!—Our tassels attested to the fact, our feeling of dignity and importance told us that it was true. Hazing again—but this time our position was reversed. We were acting in the capacity of hazers. With that unselfish spirit characteristic of Sophomores, we set about our task, with Amy Fraas as chairman, of fitting the Freshmen for college life. Mary Cronin as President conducted the class through an eventful year. The highlights of the year for us were Mother's Day, the Freshmen party to us, our party in honor of the Seniors, and our class day, a new sanctum and the new building at 253 Clinton Ave. It was with a feeling of regret that we saw our sister class graduate. Once more we turned our tassels—but two more years remained.

Juniors!—The title had meant much to us as Freshmen, and more as Sophomores, now it was ours at last. We officially welcomed our Freshmen sisters with whom we had carried on a summer correspondence. The first great event, though, outshadowed all the rest—it was the possession of our college rings. Then came

our night of nights, our Junior Promenade. To Margaret Lavery and her committee we owed its great success. Then, in February, came Junior Week. One breathless week, crowded with a series of theatre parties, dinners and receptions "Sweet Adeline" and "Heads Up" will long linger in our memories. Other events came in rapid succession—Parents' Day, the formal Opening of the new Building, Mission Day, and Alumnæ Week. This last was an innovation conducted by our class. It was a delightful week for us, renewing friendships among the Alumnæ and making many new acquaintances. A spirit of camaraderie between the graduates and the undergraduates was established. Commencement came during Alumnæ Week. Who can express the feeling in our hearts as we turned our tassels for the last time?

Seniors!—We entered upon our last year with a wistful outlook. How sorrowfully we counted out all the "lasts," making out programs, taking exams. According to custom, the various members of our class were elected heads of the different societies. Marion Baltes again became our Class President. New activities were introduced, among which the "Supper Club" for the Missions, so ably conducted by Catherine Carrington, stands out. Old traditions were carried out. The customary parties, teas and recitals led up to the crowning joy of our career, the Senior Promenade, at Leverich Towers. Amy Fraas and her chairmen succeeded in making this event a memorable one. As an antidote to the drooping spirits which we experienced after so joyous occasion, came the Junior Prom, at the College.

In February, the word "last" began to have an even more significant aspect. Every day Commencement loomed nearer and nearer on the horizon. Before we realized it Senior Week was upon us. Laura Brennan was our Chairman. Sadly we listened to our Baccalaureate Sermon: joyfully we took part in our Class day activities. Then Commencement, the culmination of our college days. It was with feelings of mingled joy and regret that we took leave of our Alma Mater.

These are our Annals, not impressive on paper, perhaps, but deeply engraved on the hearts of each one of us. These four years will always stand out in our lives as precious moments, haloed by the mist of memory.

"These are the days of our youth, our days of glory and honor,
Pleasure begotten of strength is ours, the sword in our hand;
Wisdom bends to our will, we lead captivity captive,
King of our lives and love, receiving gifts from men."

MARGARET M. FERRY, '31.

Valedictory

"PARTING is such sweet sorrow" and parting day has come. The day is bitter-sweet for us who have to say farewell. This is the day that has been our goal since we entered Saint Joseph's four years ago. To us and to our parents it then represented the very heights of happy success. But now, it is here and our hearts are heavy; and yet—we are not really sad. We are happy that the time is near when we may try the struggle with the world on our own strength,—and when we may try to lighten the burden that our parents have borne for our sakes. We shall have now new joys; the joys of womanhood and its responsibilities. May we become the women that Saint Joseph's has trained us to be. May we prove worthy daughters of a most worthy Mother.

The beautiful dream of life is over and we do not embrace reality too eagerly. Four short years that dream has been a time of beauty that will be to us a joy forever. The maker of this dream has been a bounteous giver. She has spread her mother-arms about us and drawn us close to herself. Her being afire with zeal for the Truth, for ideals of Love and Service has warmed our spirits against the chill of doubt and cynicism that is part of the reality we must now face. She has sheltered and protected us from the buffetings of the world and given us a complete and happy life within her quiet walls.

The way of life may become rough and hopeless for many, but memory will treasure always for us these days of rare happiness. They have brought us many gifts that passing time will make more dear. They have meant to us the making of new friendships, the strengthening of old. A long train of triumphs and failures, joys and sorrows has welded us all close together. Time and Distance that must inevitably separate us will not weaken that bond. Each of us feels that college has given her the finest group of friends that any girl could have. These bright days will be forever peopled in our minds with the comrades of '31.

We are saying "farewell" to those generous minds that we have been privileged to know, men and women who have given their talents and devotion to us, who are so unworthy, but not ungrateful. Saint Joseph's has brought us a realization of the nobility that may be attained, in the person of these, her faculty. They are the living proof that altruism does exist. Theirs has been the inspiration to high deeds and to gallantry in the face of defeat, to fight for lost causes and to win. Theirs has been the inspiration, be it ours to carry it through. May we add our small voice to theirs in protest against injustice and irreligion. Let that protest be prompted by that gratitude to God and that love of humanity which have prompted the unstinted service of our faculty. They have opened up to us limitless horizons of knowledge. They have not been satisfied with simply giving us formal training in the various arts and sciences but

they have given us something infinitely more precious, their own love for learning and the will to continually enrich our store of learning.

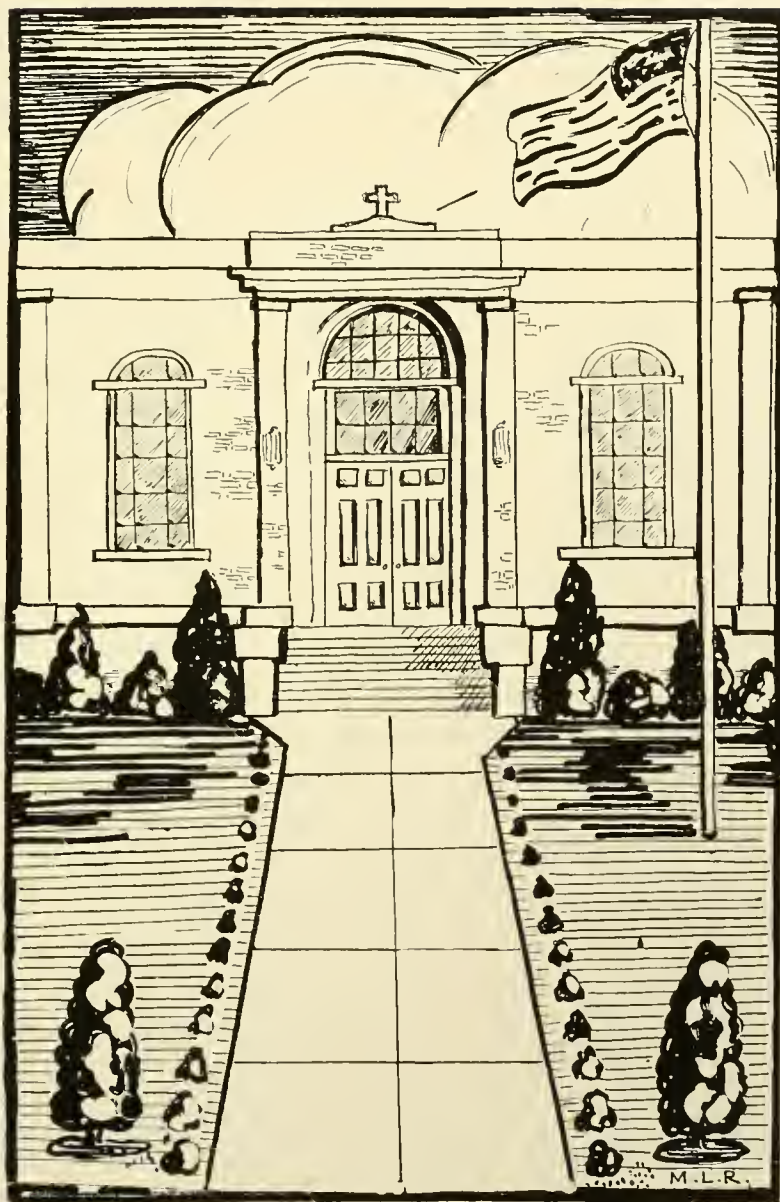
To some of us, college has given the practical means of making our way in life; but to all, it has brought a developing and flowering of mind and heart in an atmosphere of spirituality. It is difficult for us to realize our extraordinary good fortune in having been under Catholic influences during this most important period in our lives. Our college career has transformed and enriched our religious life. It is only by comparison with the spirit of indifferentism toward things religious that necessarily prevails in secular schools that we can appreciate the greatness of our gift.

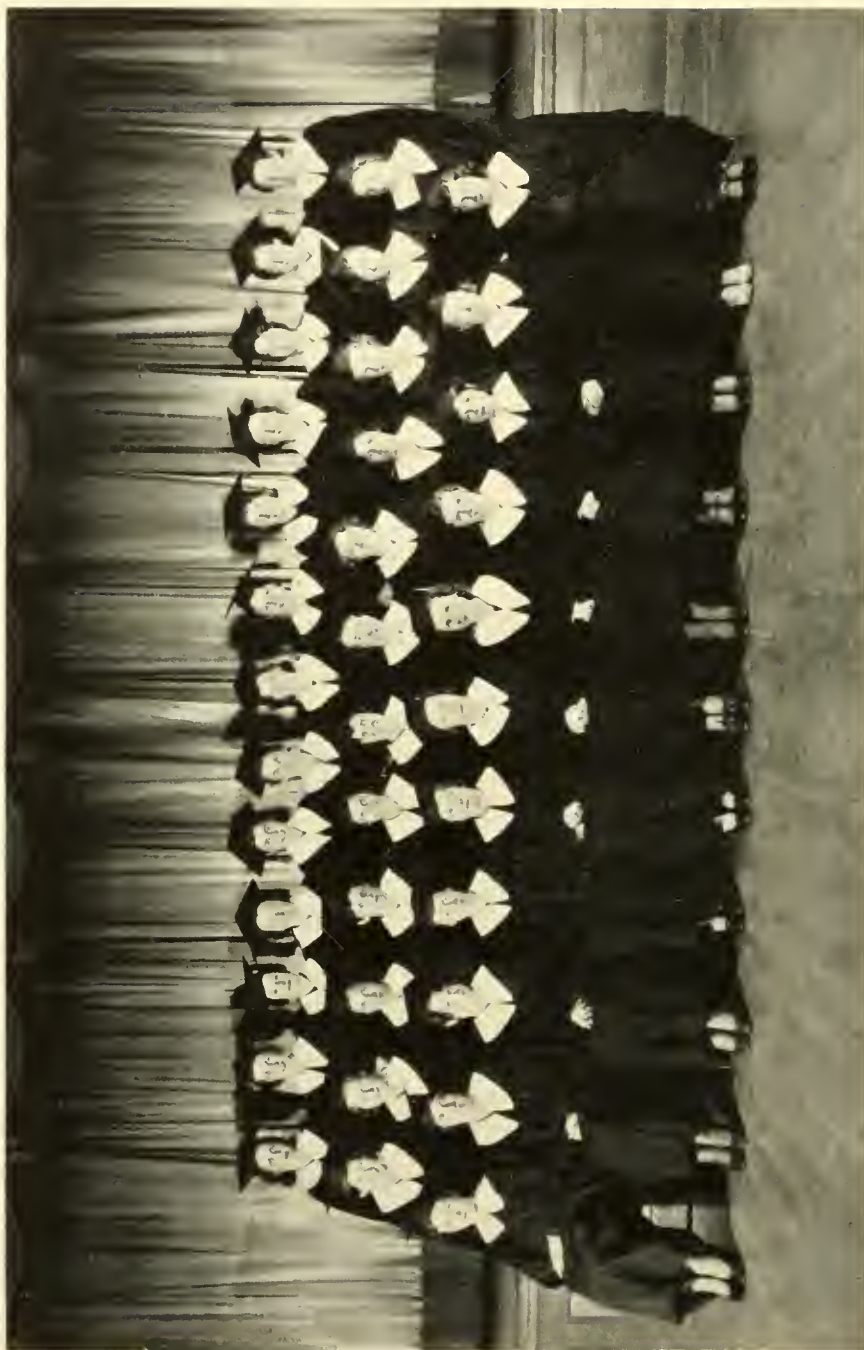
All this has been ours for four years. What are we to say to those who have made all this possible to us? What can we say to you, our mothers and fathers? Our hearts are too full to speak. You know what Saint Joseph's means to us, and you know that you have given it to us. Words seem so cold when we want to tell you what we feel. But we must tell you that today we realize the sacrifices that have been yours throughout all the years in leading us from infancy to womanhood. We are mute in contemplation of your love. It is surely more divine than human. We can not even hope to repay in a slight measure the devotion you have lavished upon us. We can only hope that we shall justify your faith, your pride in us and realize the success you wish for us. Our love and gratitude can be your only reward and our only recompense to you.

The time has come for us to pass across this stage for the last time as undergraduates. We are not trying to be lachrymose, but let us have this brief moment to say "good-bye" before we pass forever from the special care of our Alma Mater. Others will soon take our place here, but for this moment the glory is ours. We knew it had to end, but now it is really over. So short a time ago we were children entering the gates of Saint Joseph's for the first time, and now we are leaving—women grown. We hope that she will keep a place in her heart for us as she will forever hold one in ours. To us she will be forever the source of idealism and of inspiration in our new life. We hope that some day we may prove the love for her that we now affirm, that some day we may help her who has helped us so much.

But now it is just "Farewell."

MARIE B. MULLIGAN, '31.





History of the Class of 1932

AFTER two years of College life,—years now delightful, now a struggle against the overwhelming force of blue books, we entered upon our Junior year at Saint Joseph's with Eleanor Hennessy, Angela Deegan, Margaret Kenny and Mary White as officers. We had always looked forward to being Juniors,—when we were Freshmen it had seemed a remote possibility. Now at last, we had reached that distant goal. We eagerly looked forward to the year of social events which is particularly reserved to the Juniors.

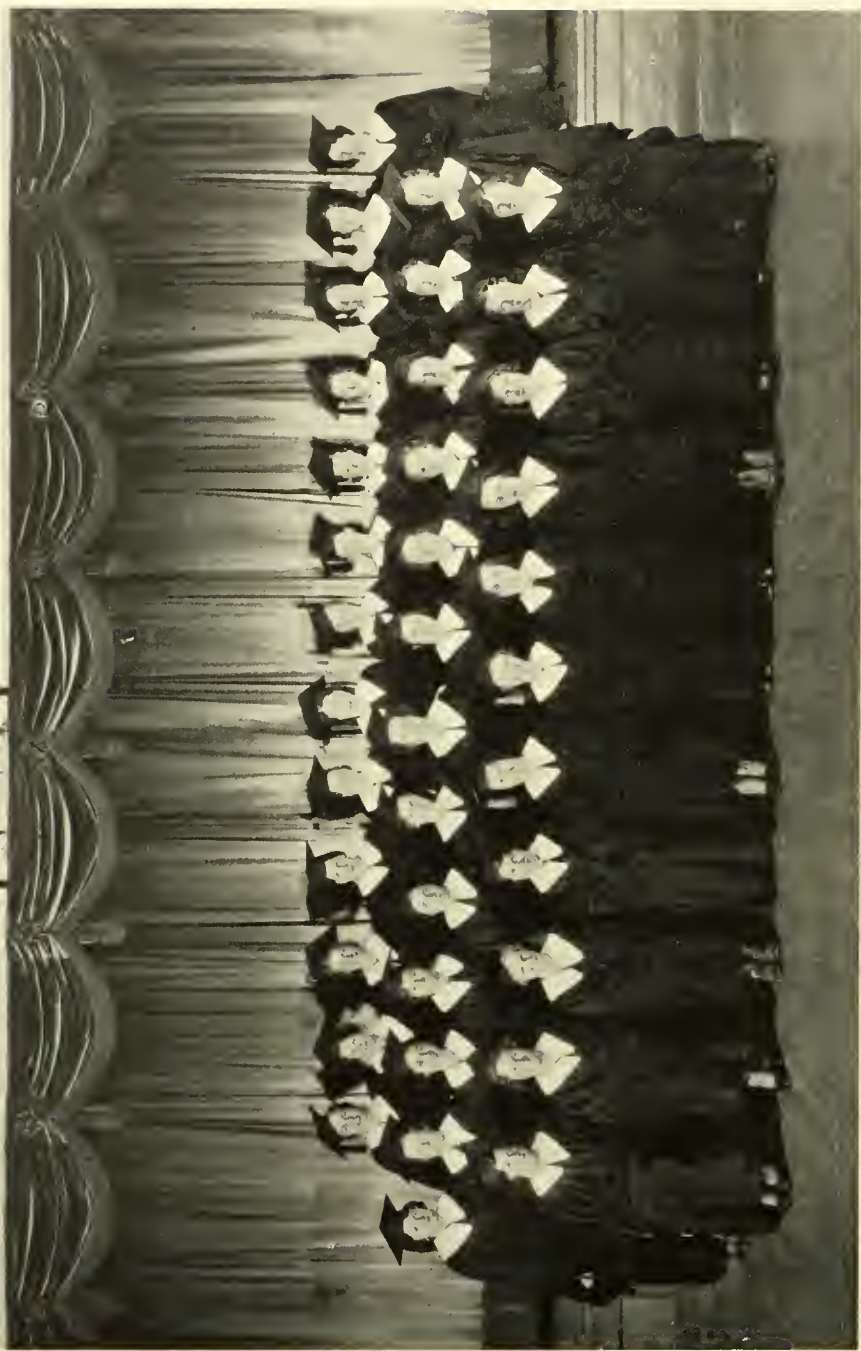
Having finished almost all of the required courses, we looked forward to a year filled with more interesting and more individual studies. Since we had had such a large part in settling our destinies, we determined to make this the best year of all.

In spite of our new intellectual interests, however, our social ambitions did not fade. We welcomed our Freshmen Sisters to Saint Joseph's at the first luncheon on the social calendar. They in turn surprised us with a party, and the intimacy between the two classes ripened into friendship.

As the year passed swiftly, we began to look forward to Christmas, and with it our Junior Prom. The night of nights finally arrived but it passed all too quickly, leaving behind it the faint fragrance as from a dream, a dream whose perfection we owed to the untiring work of Marie Sabbatino and her committee.

After Christmas, time passed quickly into February, bringing with it Junior Week. We were at once thrust into the delights of a round of luncheons, teas, and theatre-parties, arranged for our delectation by Mary Cowley and her committee. The strains of Music from "Meet My Sister" and "You Said It" will long linger in our hearts. But like all good things, it had to end, to give place to May and Examinations. Then after leading the Baccalaureate Procession, and the Commencement Procession, we turned our tassels. Junior year was over and but one more year remained for us at Saint Joseph's.

LAURA FOURNIER, '32.



Class History, 1933

WHAT a change from last year! This year we returned to the College with confident step. We knew just where to go and just exactly what to do.

What a relief not to have that awful sense of strangeness which had taken possession of us when we entered as Freshmen, one short year ago.

We began a week of watchful waiting, paying particular attention to the reaction of the Freshmen to the College. Alas! we found them sadly lacking, and we graciously condescended to help them adjust themselves to the life at the College. After three long days spent in this great task, we gazed joyfully on our handiwork and realized that here was material worthy of our efforts. Our joy and friendship were expressed in a party which cemented the bonds between the two classes.

Class elections aroused great interest. There was keen rivalry between the different groups, but all were pleased at the outcome. Regina Hogan was elected President and the other offices were filled by Suzanne Martin, Beatrice McKimmon and Rosemary Kennelly.

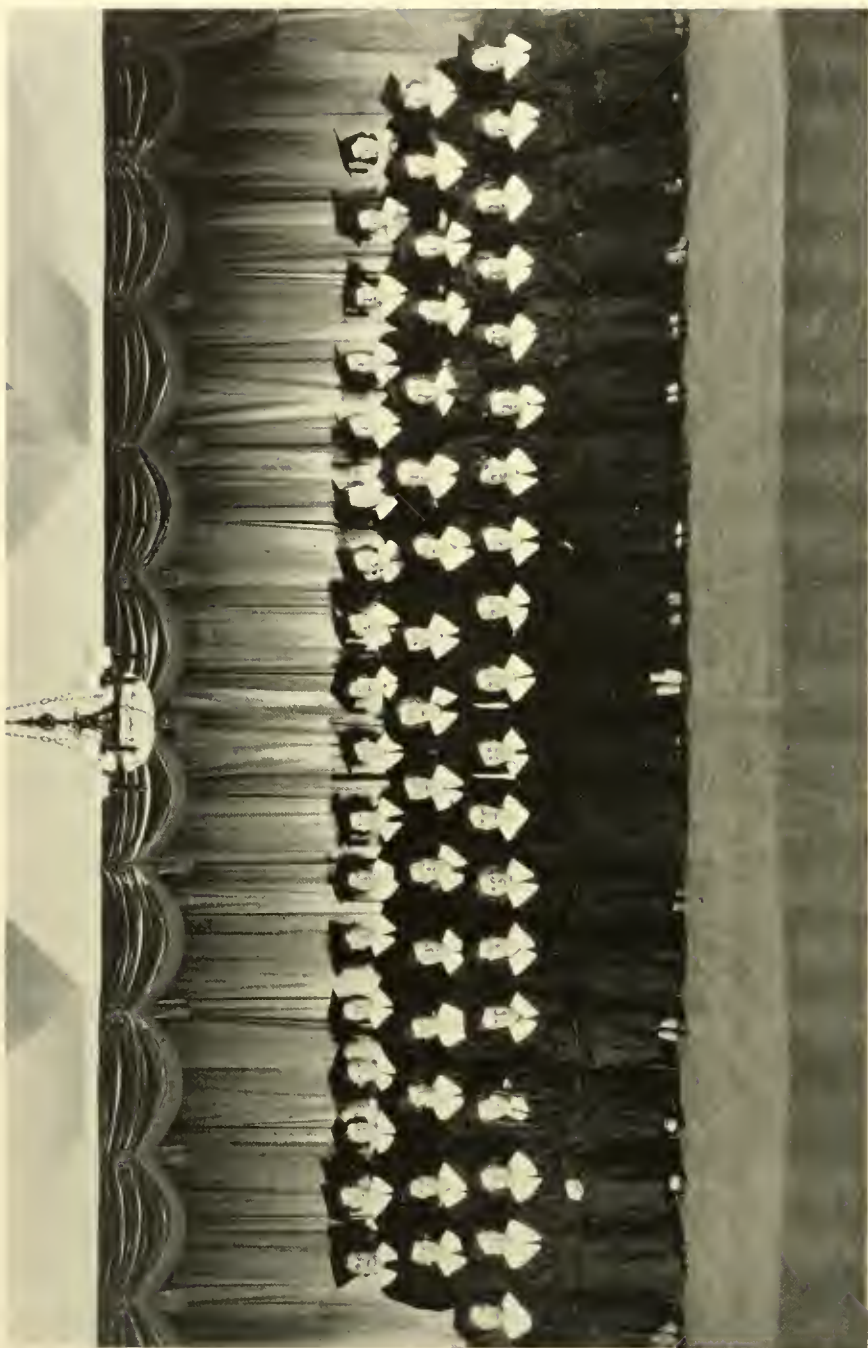
Next we turned our attention to Sports. We wanted to star, and activity was fostered in every field. Basket-ball, hockey and tennis claimed many enthusiasts from the Sophomore class.

Then came Class Day, a joyous relief from the strain of everything, except wholehearted fun. Emma Holland was unanimously elected chairman, and amply proved her capability. The occasion drew us all closer together within that charmed circle of "comrades, friends and pals—the Class of '33."

That just about completes the story of our second year at College. Perhaps you have noticed that we haven't spoken of exams? However, we know that you'll all remember them. They are peculiarly unforgettable.

Now that Sophomore year is over, we look back on all the joys and sorrows that it has brought to us, but we look forward with undimmed hope and confidence to the dignity of Juniorhood.

SUZANNE MARTIN, '33.



Class History, 1934

WITH the proverbial timidity and humility of manner characteristic of Freshmen, we, the class of 1934 stepped through the portals of Saint Joseph's into the world of college life. After the inspiring talk given to us by Father Dillon on the first morning of the semester we were suffused with the glow of idealism.

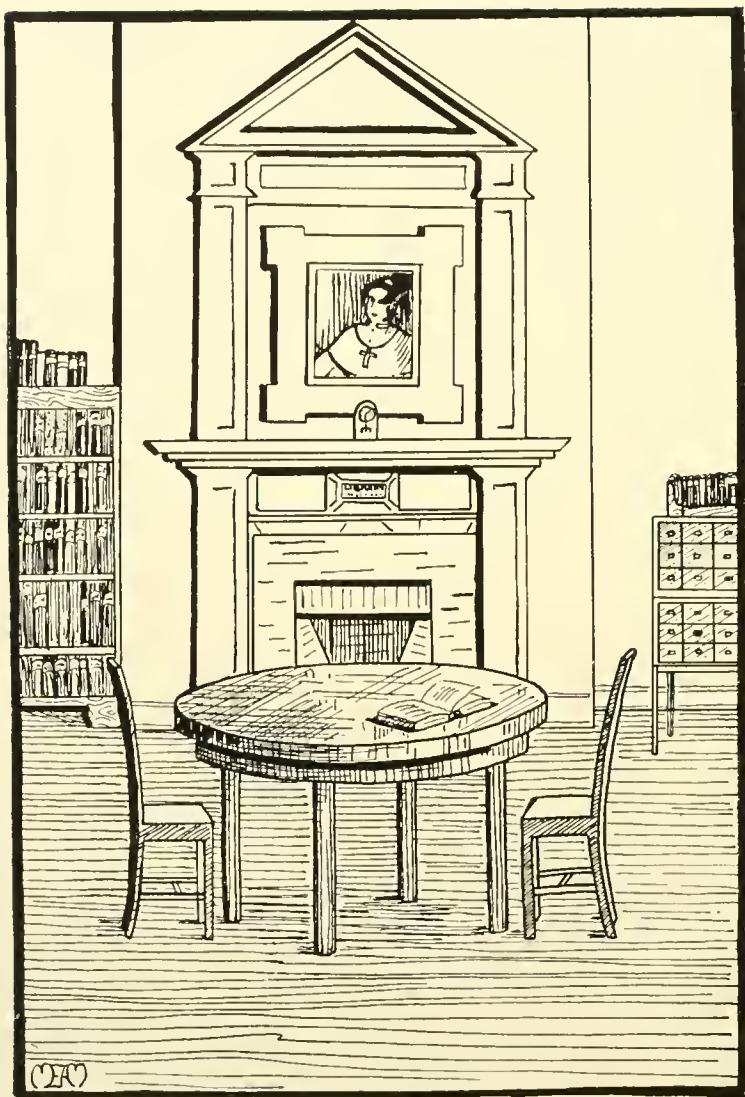
The routine of class began, and with it came the sharpness of painful discoveries such as cuts, blue books and the like. Bravely we endeavored to keep our ever-waning courage alive through that first hectic week filled with trials. Almost the only human shred of comfort seemed to come from the smiles and sympathetic assurances of our Junior class sisters.

Soon there loomed, like a dark cloud on our horizon, the prospect of hazing. Under the tutelage of the Sophomores we learned to acquire the sobriety and docility proper to those of our humble station. In spite of our awe of them, we discovered at the Hazing party that the Sophs were a group of merry, sportsman-like girls anxious to become firm friends with us.

Thus initiated and organized we entered the field of class activities and took our part in the social life of the college. Investiture came. Memorable day on which we truly became a part of the spiritual as well as the corporeal existence of Saint Joseph's. We felt our souls touched by the beauty and significance of the ceremony.

In rapid succession came the events of the social year. Teas, receptions, plays and concerts came along, each taking its toll of our interest and enthusiasm. Our first year has truly been a memorable and impressive one. Now that it is drawing to a close, now that our Freshman year is over, we look back upon the path that is strewn with the blossoms of cherished memories. We must linger not in retrospect, however, for the future lies before us, and we must march steadily onward, determined to achieve greater results in the future. We must go steadily onward into the light of the deepening sunset.

JANE B. GORMAN, '34



Acknowledgment

AT the end of her four years at college I am sure every girl looks back and then is moved to some expression of feeling. Perhaps she is impatient of dwelling on the past and eagerly looks ahead: perhaps she sighs because a great adventure has been ended: or perhaps she spends some time in reflecting on just what these years have meant to her. And the last is what I have been doing for some weeks now—taking stock, as it were.

It would sound trite to say that St. Joseph's has meant the world to me: it might seem extravagant to say that St. Joseph's gave me a mind and a heart and a soul: or it might appear to be sentimental to affirm that these four years have been and will always be, I am sure, the brightest and the happiest in my life. But I do say these things and I do not mean to be trite or extravagant or sentimental.

After the noisy vulgarity of a large, overcrowded city high school, St. Joseph's was a revelation. It reached out and gathered into its embrace perhaps the most bewildered, frightened freshman of all times. Its quiet, calm atmosphere disarmed her: its kind, sympathetic air won her and the gay camaraderie it held out charmed her.

There have been plenty of red marks: there have even been little squabbles and many difficulties, but that first hold has never been lost.

I have learned the fundamental things at St. Joseph's. I have learned that there is no beauty without truth. I have learned that I have a soul which makes me a holy thing. I have had the opportunity to listen to a man and two women whom I know without a doubt possess a wisdom the equal of which I shall never again encounter. I have learned that there is much that is wrong with the world and that it is right and good to want to change it all—and I have also learned that I can never change it. I have known and loved girls whose romances I have listened to: whose joys I have rejoiced with and whose sorrows I have guessed at. I have learned to love and to attempt to appreciate the beauty and the sanctity of the convent. I have discovered the God of the Ten Commandments and the God of the Springtime. I have known the thrill and exultation that came with the knowledge of the power to stir people's hearts when I played my first violin solo. I have learned that cynicism is a rather crude pose and that to love one's father and mother is not sentimentality. I know that to write brilliant novels is merely a hobby alongside of the privilege of bearing children.

In short, I have been shown the truths and beauty of life. And it has been an Adventure into sometimes bewildering, often terrifying, but surely heavenly realms.

And as I look back over college—St. Joseph's College—it reminds me of what Benediction has meant to me: a glimpse at something which in its beauty caught at my throat: an experience which I did not fully comprehend but the sublimity of which I sought to touch and the very seeking leaving me enriched.

BEATRICE C. GREENBAUM, '31.

Tattling Titles

Names—the lure in names of things
 The charm of people and of places
 Bring memories of happy times,
 Stirring thoughts of well-known faces.
 Here we've gathered this and that,
 Tattling titles for those we know.
 This nod—that laugh—that gesture brief
 We characterize each in a show.

Marian Baltes		"Follow the Leader"
Catherine Becker		"The Student Princess"
Laura Brennan		"The Girl from the Golden West"
Rita Brennan		"Sunny"
Catherine Carrington		"Brothers"
Kay Coughlin		"Oh Kay"
Dot Coyne		"Lady, Be Good"
Gerry Creegan		"The Genius"
Mary Cronin		"Elizabeth, the Queen"
Rose Culligan		"Peter Pan"
Marie Duffy		"Smiles"
Marion Elberfeld		"It's a Wise Child"
Margaret Ferry		"A Lady of Resource"
Gene Finn		"Sweet and Low"
Kathleen Ford		"Flying High"
Theresa Ghiold		"The Easiest Way"
Beatrice Greenbaum		"Maybe It's Love"
Helen Kelliher		"Devil May Care"
Marion Hickey		"Reaching for the Moon"
Mary Hodgins		"Sunny Side Up"
Mary Hurley		"Follow Thru"
Marie Kidd		"Manhattan Mary"
Jeanette Klipp		"The Prodigal"
Peggy Lavery		"Tell Me More"
Gerry McMahon	}	"Those Three French Girls"
Jule McDonnell		
Gen Oliver		
Mary Marino	}	"The Smart Set"
Mary Venezia		
Eleanor McLoughlin		
Marie Mulligan		"Girls Demand Excitement"
Rita Murphy		"Rio Rita"
Marion Myers	}	"Three's a Crowd"
Janet Prendergast		

Helen Newman "America's Sweetheart"
 Marie O'Connor "Laughter"
 Madeline Reilly "Behind Office Doors"
 Marie Rickerby "Romance"
 Kay Riordan "Obey That Impulse"
 Dot Roeser "Paid"
 Catherine Salsano "Student Days"
 Vivie Sharpe "Oh Promise Me"
 Rosemary Sheridan "Rose Marie"
 Dot Snow "The Truth About Youth"
 Edith Stanley "Cure for the Blues"
 Anne Stokes "Green Pastures"
 Marie Ward "The Silent Witness"
 Margaret Wallace "Rain or Shine"
 Marion Willmott "Princess Charming"

"Shipmates" The Class of '31
 "You Said It" We hate to leave
 "Once in a Lifetime" Commencement
 "Give Me Yesterday" '31's sentiment
 "Those We Love" Our sister classes
 "Sin Takes a Holiday" The annual retreat
 "The Scarlet Letter" D or F.
 "The Public Enemy" Any License Exam
 "Inspiration" Needed in any Ethics class
 "It Pays to Advertise" The Basketball Varsity
 "Privilege Car" The car parked up the block
 "Back Street" Waverly Avenue
 "Stolen Heaven" A cut
 "Gambling Daughters" Those who never study
 "Just Imagine" Getting five exemptions
 "The Little Accident" Meeting a Prof. after cutting his class
 "Rhapsody in Black" Any G. A.
 "The Lady Lies" Who never studies and then gets exemptions
 "Hell's Angels" '31 being hazed
 "The Great Unknown" After June

AMY T. FRAAS, '31.

Class Prophecy—1931

THE French majors call the town "Trente et un," the German enthusiasts refer to it as "Einunddriezig," but even though our class is rather gifted linguistically, the majority of us are English-speaking people so we know it as the town of "Thirtiwon." It was toward this city on June 10, 1941, that we were speeding in a plane in active answer to an invitation to the tenth anniversary of the founding of Thirtiwon.

The air-pilot had us in a nervous state for she preferred to chat over old times rather than to confine her attention to the plane. Although we knew Helen Newman held all sorts of aerial records, we were not at ease until we remembered that Helen always could do more than one thing at a time and, in addition, do it well.

As we neared the city we could discern a crowd on the landing field. A big, yellow chrysanthemum on one of the foremost figures immediately indicated the presence of Marian Baltes. It was quite apropos that Marian should do the Grover Whalen act, for wasn't she always chief welcomer? We landed with a "Newmanish" hop, skip and a bump, and were welcomed in the inimitable Baltesian manner.

We were then given into the care of Rose Culligan, who was to be our escort in the tour of the city. Rose is the town's chief-booster and real estate agent. Who wouldn't believe in Thirtiwon's merits when such sincerity vouched for it?

Our course led us down the main thoroughfare which is called Dillon Boulevard and our guide informed us that the most important buildings in the city were situated on this street. We admired the impressive structures and were told that Geraldine Creegan was the architect. (Our private opinion that Math. was of no consequence was thus shattered.)

"Wait until you see the interior decorations," exclaimed Miss Culligan. "They were executed by Gene Finn."

Just then we saw an automobile hurdling down the street. Yes, hurdling is the only word that is really suitable; for every couple of yards the four wheels would execute a little jump in the air. Mutely we looked at our guide for explanation.

"That's Laura Brennan, the famous high-jumper and she's just trying out her new invention guaranteed to make cars jump." Larry is not only a jumper herself but she has been very successful in making horses perform, so now she's trying her hand at machines."

As we continued down the boulevard the next point of interest was Thirtiwon's one and only night club. We were told that it flourished under the name of "Villa Science."

"Why the name?" we questioned.

"Well, the owner, Catherine Carrington, wished to combine two of her pet hobbies, so she has the place fitted up as a science laboratory. A few skeletons here and there furnish atmosphere; a goldfish bowl, and, of course, the club mascot would be a frog! As for the food—well one gets as much as in any night club, so some town wit has suggested that Miss Carrington supply microscopes.

The most charming hostess of the Villa Science is Edith Stanley. The only thing Latin about this ex-Latin major is that the words "Veni, Vidi, Vici" might well be applied to her.

"There's the bank over there on the corner. Dorothy Roeser is the president and the most difficult thing in town is to gain entry to her private office" (and to think we used to evade her when she collected Footprints money!)

"And now you must see what provisions Thirtiwon makes for the education of its youth," urged our guide, and so the high school was our next stopping place.

Before we made our tour of inspection we looked at the bulletin board. The announcement of a debate was what first attracted our attention. The subject was "The Thoughts of a Philosopher," Vivian Sharpe's latest book, is too advanced for high school students." Mary Hurley was to defend the affirmative side and Anne Stokes the negative.

Then there was another notice to the effect that Marie Rickerby would give a series of character sketches the following evening. The favorite sketch of every audience is Miss Rickerby's impression of a college student conducting a meeting according to parliamentary law.

Some postal-cards were also affixed to the bulletin board and we recognized some of the town scenes. Our guide informed us that Marion Wilmott was the photographer but that the postal-cards were but the least of her amazing work in this line.

Having scrutinized the bulletin board we visited the library. We received rather a shock when we saw the librarian. But come to think of it, Rita Brenman always did have a weakness for library work.

She showed us the books that she knew would appeal most to us. The great American novel had at last been written and Margaret Wallace was the author. It is said that she was instrumental in bringing about the romantic revival. This romantic influence is also shown in Katherine Riordan's work although she writes of a different country. "Japanese Folk Lore" is the name of her opus.

We also have a representative in the poetry corner. Kathleen Ford is the first American to become Spain's poet laureate.

Theresa Ghiold has given us a more practical volume, the title of which is "How a Family of Ten Can Live on Thirty Dollars a Week." This work is dedicated to Rosemary Sheridan who gave the author many suggestions founded on her experience with her own large family.

The librarian also gave us another choice bit of news. Marion Elberfeld is president of a national literary circle. It is a closed club and there are thousands of people waiting to be elected to membership.

We left the library to continue the tour. In one office we found Eleanor McLoughlin and upon inquiring her duties we were told that she was an "official filler-in." It seems that whenever a teacher in any department is absent, Miss McLoughlin takes her place. Math, Latin, History, English—she has mastered them all.

As it was visitors' day the doors of the classrooms were all open as we passed down the hall so we had a glimpse of Catherine Becker trying to unravel a group of students from the intricacies of grammar. Marie Duffy was endeavoring to convince a number of adolescents that it was possible for them to some day be mayor of Thirtiwon. (This ambition has supplanted youth's usual desire to be president of the United States.)

Farther down the line we found Catherine Salsano teaching French history; also Dorothy Coyne drawing a square circle for admiring mathematicians.

Madeline Reilly is the disciplinarian of the school and she has a reputation for making pupils tremble at the very sound of her voice.

Hearing the radio in the teachers' room we stopped to listen for a moment. A political speaker was on the air and we remarked that if it were not a woman's voice, we would have thought it was Floyd Gibbons.

"That's Mary Cronin and she speaks ten words a minute faster than Gibbons," sniffed our guide.

We next visited the gym and saw two small children climbing the ropes. We were told that they were the offspring of Geraldine McMahon and at the instigation and inspiration of their mother had started climbing ropes in their cradle.

The athletic manager was also pointed out to us. She was Margaret Lavery and she told us of her plans for basket-ball, baseball and *hockey*.

Once more, we went out on the boulevard, and the spires of the church were pointed out from the distance. Mary Marino and Mary Venezia are the sextons and the doors are open early and late.

The hospital was also in our range of vision. Marie Kidd is head supervisor and yesterday it was her pleasant duty to confer a medal of honor upon Helen Kelliher. Miss Kelliher was awarded the medal for perfect attendance on all her cases.

Margaret Ferry conducts "The A to Z Studio"—she teaches everything from acting to the playing of a zither. She coaches dancers and singers, and directs review courses in every known subject.

"The Spirit," the local newspaper, was next placed in our hands. The

spirit of Julia McDonnell, the editor, could be felt in every line. It is said that "Aunt Jule's Advice Column" is Miss McDonnell's favorite work.

Scanning the pages, we notice that Amy Fraas finds time away from her family to sing over the radio.

Mary Hodgins has turned from the social butterfly of college days into a social service worker. One of her most active assistants is Jeannette Klipp.

Catherine Coughlin is the dramatic critic of the newspaper and today she writes of that great character actress, Marion Myers. She believes that Miss Myers is at her best portraying historical personages. They say that Miss Coughlin also edits the hand-writing expert's column in the same paper.

One headline tells us that Judge Janet Nevins Prendergast of the children's court is very severe in dealing with truant cases; another that Beatrice Greenbaum and Marie Ward will give violin duets the following week.

An entire page is devoted to the sales at Dorothy Snow's department store while Margaret Murphy reigns supreme in one column as the stylist of the age. Due to Miss Murphy's influence, Thirtiwon has replaced Paris as the fashion center of the world.

Marie Mulligan's name dots every social notice, for a committee in the town of Thirtiwon would be incomplete if she were not a member. We noticed one particular item announcing that she was giving a farewell dinner to Marion Hickey, who is leaving for Washington to represent the town at a national convention.

"Ah, here's where you, yourselves, get into the papers;" laughed Miss Culligan. Genevieve Oliver was the reporter who interviewed us and to her we confided that the class of '31 and the town of Thirtiwon had lived up to our highest expectations!

MARIE E. O'CONNOR, '31.

Philosophy of Life

I FEEL very much of the novice trembling on the threshold of a great experience. I shall undoubtedly continue to feel thus until the end of my life. Always a new experience before me; always a great shining field of light across my path; always this clinging cloud of mist about my eyes, about my throat. Must I always stand just on the brink of this infinite mystery? Must I always stand there alone?

Too often have I wrestled with this question to expect an answer now. Too often have I thrown it to the four winds and awaited a response in vain. Too often have I attempted a substitution and found it a mere subterfuge—a bitter memory of an endeavor to escape.

Not that life is in any sense bitter to me—to make it a bitter thing is to my mind the very height of folly,—it is too much like poisoning the cup from which I must drink daily. Life to me is a strong current in which we must constantly exert ourselves to hold the mastery over its raging torrents. There is nothing idyllic about the struggle we must make. Sometimes we are thrown aside, choking for a clean breath of wind in our lungs, weary with a weariness born largely of despair. But we can always hurl ourselves back into the tide, and guide our course with a fierce and determined strength—with a new exhilaration. The weaker ones fall behind and we watch them vanish slowly from our eyes with a vicarious sense of dread—nothing more. If we love them, we go back to help and in our mutual struggle a glorious sense of comradeship is born. If we have not, because of our own selfishness, learned their intrinsic value, we go on our way, trembling for a moment, perhaps, with sorrow, with a bit of cowardice, and then forgetting and rushing blithely on in the radiant pursuit of our goal.

Life can be so much more than this at times. Life can be an experience whose transcendent beauty escapes the blunt medium of my expression. For an exquisite hour we can bask in the warmth of the sun; a clear ray of beauty is shot through the mist about us, intensifying its lavender and scarlet by the glow it creates. Little things can do this—foolish and trivial things sometimes. The sound of rain on a roof at night, a silvery tinkle amidst the symphony of sound that accompanies it. A single moment when the piercing loveliness of music catches us by the throat and brings tears of happiness to our eyes. A moment perhaps of unbroken peace with the sunlight discovering old and forgotten beauty about us and about the things that by daily contacts have become homely to our touch.—These are the things that set our hearts to singing; the things that make us forget the haunting ache of memories, like a child's cry, hushed into quiet slumber.

But all these things are so terribly within ourselves—all this turmoil must rage within the narrow limits of our own souls and leave their scars upon them. Great men, they tell us, are always lonely; great men are always fettered by material chains in the pursuit of their aspirations. But small men can be just as lonely; they must fight, too, against the terror of that experience—although they generally can manage to look ridiculous in the process. Neither a great heart nor a small one exempts us from this fiery ordeal; nor will either bring us forth unscathed. It is to me the greatest tragedy in life—this eternal search for someone to understand; someone to reflect our moods as a tranquil pool reflects the glory of the sky above it.

We are like a lonely gull, painted grey against the grey of the sky, swooping down for a single moment upon the breast of a wave, rocking there drowsily to its rhythm, listening with passionate interest to its murmurings and then with a loud, defiant cry flying upwards again with a mad rush of wings to revel again in the loneliness of that lonely sky.

We talk to one another to assuage for a moment the awful emptiness of the void. We write poetry in the faint hope that it will catch in some other soul a spark of answering life. We put our souls into music to retain for a single, brief space the reality of these experiences that are our life's blood, that are gliding like a swift stream into the endless waters of eternity. We love, we work, we pray, ever seeking an answering voice in the darkness, an answering touch in the vast loneliness of our universe.

For an instant, perhaps, a hand clasps ours with a reassuring grip, and in that we find the heaven and the haven of human love. No longer do our feet tread an unknown path—it is lit by a smile; no longer do we strain to understand the medley of sights and sounds about us—they are interpreted by a word. In this communion—imperfect though it may be—life is spelled out for us. But this, too, must pass, and pass it does with terrifying swiftness. The day must come when we shall hear:

“Nor shall my love avail you in that hour,
In spite of all my love you will arise
Upon that day and wander down the air
Obscurely as the unattended flower
It mattering not how beautiful you were
Nor how beloved above all else that dies.”

Must we then turn away in bitterness from the endless vista of days before us? Must we stand stripped of all our treasures, crying out with the pain of our loneliness? Is there nothing on which we may rely beyond these fragile wisps of chance, these companions of an hour?

We know deep within us that this can not be all. We know that these souls of ours are more than mere blind growths, struggling like stunted plants towards a sunlight that will never shine upon them. Somewhere there is an answer to our questions; some day our weary lips will be hushed by a gentle hand and we need question no longer. We shall find a companionship that will know no beginning and no end. We cannot have striven so hard and so long in vain. Our eternity we may seek and meet in different measure, but meet it we must and in that meeting we shall find fulfilment and I—the answer to my question. There may we find:

“After grey vigils, sunshine in the heart;
After long fasting on the journey, food;
After sharp thirst, a draught of perfect good
To flood the soul and heal her ancient smart.”

MARY E. CRONIN, '31.

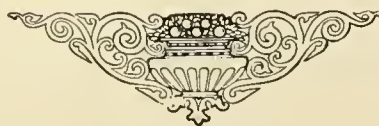
What Will We Do Without—

Marian Baltes'	beautiful phonics
Kay Carrington's	philosophical arguments
Marion Elberfeld's	}....."Russian Lullaby"
Amy Fraas'	
Rita Brennan's	last minute worries
Vivie Sharpe's	unexpected dramatizations
Kathryn Riordan's	nonchalance
Marie Mulligan's	cha-w-ming voice
Marie Kidd's	"Gosh! I feel hungry!"
Kathleen Ford's	poetry
Marie Rickerby's	monologues
Mary Cronin's	U. A. Meetings
Helen Newman's	"Ri—ta!"
Theresa Ghiold's	"Well, I think——"
Gen Oliver's	athletic tendencies
Gerry Creegan's	minute analyses
Ann Stokes'	races with the last bell
Gene Finn's	posters
Margaret Wallace's	short stories
Marion Myers'	basketball shots
Rose Culligan's	dimples
Gerry McMahon's	"Well, Father, I don't think that's right!"
Beatrice Greenbaum's	violin solos
Marie O'Connor's	"Will someone <i>please</i> open the window?"
Margaret Ferry's	versatility
Jule McDonnell's	interrogative eyebrows
Janet Prendergast's	fan loyalty to the varsity
Laura Brennan's	high jumps
Margaret Murphy's	Religion Committee
Mary Hodgins'	"Hello, kids."
Marion Hickey's	tap dancing
Margaret Lavery's	questions
Dorothy Coyne's	windblown
Eleanor McLoughlin's	legal mind
Edith Stanley's	"Hello—Pal"
Mary Marino's	}.....stage management
Mary Venezia's	

Catherine Salsano's ankle socks
Dorothy Snow's placidity
Dorothy Roeser's“Money for footprints!”
Marie Duffy's even temper
Catherine Coughlin's sportsmanship
Mary Hurley's long dissertations
Catherine Becker's beautiful wave
Jeannette Klip's broad grin
Rosemary Sheridan's fiery thatch
Marion Wilmott's photographs

Father Dillon's“Ha, ha, ha, what do you think of that one?”
Sister Gerardus'“Well, we'll let that drop.”
Sister Natalie's“When I get to Heaven, I'll ask him.”
Sister Angelica's“Yellow papers.”
Sister Lorenzo's“It's too late for programs now.”
Sister de la Salle's defence of the Irish
Sister Charitina's“Is it not?”
Sister Charitas'“Why didn't you ask me to renew that book?”
Sister Manuella's“Who can answer Miss M's question?”
Sister Francis Xavier's“You can be polite even if you are collegiate.”

MARIE C. WARD, '31.



Last Will and Testament

WE, the members of the famous CLASS OF 1931, of St. Joseph's College for Women, Brooklyn, New York, being of a collegiate mind, yet nothing daunted, finding ourselves so disposed, do hereby make known, knowable, and rejoiceable, the fact that this is our first, last, and only, till death do us part, will and testament.

We do direct an executrix hereinafter to be named to pay all our debts and to hire our mourners.

We do give, do devise, and do bequeath:—

First—To Thirty-two, the trials and tribulations of Seniorhood and the subsequent furrows and wrinkles.

Second—To Thirty-three, the memory of the success of your Big Sisters to help you out of the depths of philosophical despondency during your Junior year.

Third—To Thirty-four, that grand and glorious feeling and also those growing pains attendant upon your ascendancy into Sophomority.

Fourth—To Thirty-five, the colors of '31—yours to hold them high, throughout all the glory of your college days.

Fifth—To Dr. McDonald, a few Sanscrit and Paleology majors to lend variety to his Pupil-teaching classes.

Sixth—To Mr. Fitzsimons, a new alphabetical seating plan which guarantees that girls whose names begin with X, Y, or Z, will be alert, tall, and farsighted.

Seventh—To Dr. Fernsemer, the right to take all the pictures that adorn the walls of the college home for the summer—lest he forget.

Eighth—To Mr. Kilcoyne, a student who can capture that elusive living wage,—and then can live on it.

Ninth—To Mr. Wilson, a challenge to prove that old masculine adage: "The woman is by nature more calculating than the man."

Tenth—To Mr. Theroux, a new laboratory manual which states that the professor must smoke a cigar during the experiments to provide the right atmospheric pressure.

Eleventh—To Mr. Rice, a complimentary subscription to the newspaper, "DEPLORIA," a journalistic effort of '31's, to be used for wrapping purposes only.

Twelfth—To Dr. Hennessy, a book of statistics, dedicated to the principle that all men are created abnormal.

Thirteenth—To Miss Fisher, the hope that some day she will convince even one student of the fallacies of womanly logic—thereby accomplishing the impossible.

Fourteenth—To Miss Pantano, the memory of a class of "vim, pep, and vigor," students who responded automatically to that magic "Vite!"

Fifteenth—To Miss Reardon, a pantry in the equipment room fully stocked

with Swedish and Danish pastry to lend local color to the gymnastics and to repair the ravages of exercise on our more or less delicate undergraduates.

Sixteenth—To Miss Callahan, an ideal class of incorrigible Seniors so that her material for disciplinary problems may never be exhausted.

Seventeenth—To Miss Stack, upon very great provocation, the right to say, "Now, in my day, things were different." And we hope she'll be believed.

Eighteenth—To Miss Oliva, the hope that when our economic status approaches the luxury mark, she will still be willing to conduct us "through unpathed waters, to undreamed shores."

Nineteenth—To Miss Walsh, the realization of her plan to take the class out of the classroom and to put it in the theatre.

Twentieth—To Miss Pidgeon, a supply of typewriting ribbon without red ink, to be used during February and June.

Twenty-first—To Miss Trunz, our hope that her generosity will next express itself in a bookcase of "trots" for those German books, lest we be forced to judge the books by their covers.

Twenty-second—To Miss O'Brien, a composite picture of the Einstein Theory and the Rhapsody in Blue, by the entire drawing class using themselves as models.

Twenty-third—To Miss Michaud and to Miss Livellara, a class of Freshmen addicted to nasal crooning.

Twenty-fourth—To Miss Tusa, the promise that in our dying breath we give utterance to a grammatically perfect sentence—our first, last, and only.

Twenty-fifth—To Sister Charitas, a pink and blue case in which to file the "I.O.U.'s," of delinquent library members, and to be tagged: "Of Sentimental Value—Only."

Twenty-sixth—To Sister Saint Angela, the right to compile, from her collection of Blue Books, a History of the World that reads like fiction and is.

Twenty-seventh—To Sister Lucide, our regrets that the literary masterpieces of '31 never provided her with—laughter.

Twenty-eighth—To Sister Manuella, a request that she embroider the Semestral Program on the bulletin board in order to make class more attractive.

Twenty-ninth—To Sister Lorenzo, a bouquet of the budding and full blown romances of the more fortunate members of '31 for her to delight in behind closed doors, lest her reputation for austerity be threatened.

Thirtieth—To Sister Carmela, a symphonic arrangement of the tone poem "Echoes and Fragrances from the Chemistry Lab." to be played on the slightest provocation.

Thirty-first—To Sister Charitina, the satisfaction of having convinced us that it is a happy and a wholesome thought to almost die for one's Latin.

Thirty-second—To Sister Francis Xavier, a new problem for her to present to the "math" geniuses to come: "How can I be polite and still be collegiate?"

Thirty-third—To Sister de la Salle, our promise to try and try again, in the leap year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and thirty-two, to bring about as many Graeco-Celtic alliances as possible.

Thirty-fourth—To Sister Francis Antonia, the more or less happy memory of those "dear, dead days beyond recall" when we were her rollicking Freshmen.

Thirty-fifth—To Sister Gerardus, a package of Shamrock seeds for her to plant on the front lawn, for we're convinced that Sister could make apples grow on the lilac tree.

Thirty-sixth—To Sister Natalie, a life long contract and a life long debt for "castles in Spain" and "more stately mansions" for our souls.

Thirty-seventh—To Father Weist, our regrets that the pictures and general atmosphere of the "gold and brocade" room of 253 will never inspire his classes to indulge in dramatic interpretation of the Bible.

Thirty-eighth—To Dr. Dillon, a new degree to add to his burden. Because he can tell jokes, both foreign and domestic, better than anyone else we know, we confer on him the well earned Doctor of Jokeology.

Thirty-ninth—To Sister Mary John, for her kindness, understanding, and good will, a place in our memory no other may hold.

We hereby nominate, second the nomination, and unanimously elect Eleanor Hennessy to be our sole executrix who may serve without bond and, we hope, without serious damages.

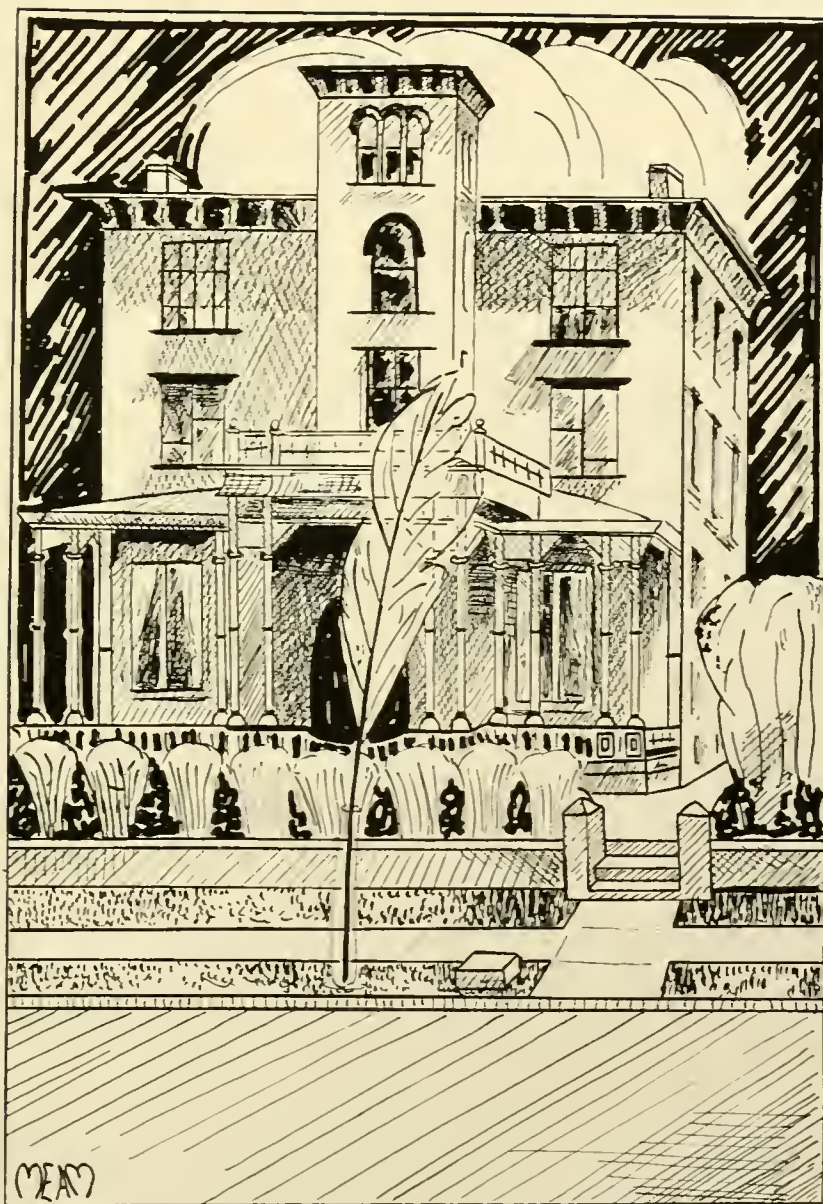
(Signed) CLASS OF 1931.

[SEAL]

Signed, sealed, published, and declared to us by the CLASS OF 1931 as for their last will and testament, in our presence and in the presence of each other, who at the request of the testator hereunto subscribe our names as witnesses.

EDNA DAWKINS,
340 94th Street,
Brooklyn, New York.

LAURA FOURNIER,
291 Lincoln Road,
Brooklyn, New York.





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TEAM

Back row, left to right

MARGARET LAVERY, 1931
 ANNE CLARK, 1932
 FRANCES DIECKERT, 1932
 EVELYN HARRIS, 1934
 AMY FRAAS, 1931
 ANNE LYNCH, 1933
 MARY BERNARD, 1934
 EUCARIA MULLIGAN, 1934

Front row, left to right

MARJORIE BANNON, 1934
 MARGARET HARRINGTON, 1933
 MARION MYERS, 1931
 LAURA BRENNAN, 1931
 CATHERINE McSHANE, 1932
 GRACE RILEY, 1933
 CATHERINE COUGHLIN, 1931



ATHLETICS

HOCKEY VARSITY

CATHERINE COUGHLIN, 1931.....*Captain*
 MARIE O'CONNOR, 1931.....*Manager*
 MISS ANNE REARDON.....*Coach*

TEAMS

<i>Back Row, l-r</i>	<i>Front Row, l-r</i>
ANNE KIRGAN, '33	LAURA BRENNAN, '31
CATHERINE CARROLL, '34	ANNE WHITE, '32
ANGELA DEEGAN, '32	CATHERINE COUGHLIN, '31
EDNA DAWKINS, '33	MARIE O'CONNOR, '31
EVELYN HARRIS, '34	GRACE RILEY, '33
EUCARIA MULLIGAN, '34	MARJORIE BANNON, '34



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ANSBRO, KATHRYN.....	254 85th St.
ANTHONY, COLETTE.....	13 Chestnut St.
BAIOCCHI, MARIE.....	203 Hunterdon St., Newark, N. J.
BALTES, MARIAN.....	Nassau Ave., Inwood, L. I.
BANNON, MARGARET.....	154 Underhill Ave.
BARTON, CHRISTINE.....	155 Garfield Pl.
BECKER, CATHERINE.....	168 Amity St.
BERNARD, MARY.....	1290 Nostrand Ave.
BIER, MARGARET.....	8548—88th St., Woodhaven
BISHOP, KATHLEEN.....	452—43rd St.
BOPP, RITA.....	8624—110th St., Richmond Hill
BOVA, ELIZABETH.....	2063 E. 27th St.
BRENNAN, LAURA.....	2035 E. 18th St.
BRENNAN, MARION.....	190 E. 31st St.
BRENNAN, RITA.....	4814 Beverly Road
BROWN, AGNES.....	282 E. 55th St.
BROWN, ROSE.....	207 E. 87th St., N. Y. C.
BURGEN, DOROTHY.....	920 Lincoln Pl.
CAHILL, CATHELEEN.....	286 Decatur St.
CARRINGTON, CATHERINE.....	263 E. 32nd St.
CARROLL, CATHERINE.....	624—76th St.
CASALE, CONSTANCE.....	2017—78th St.
CHRISTIE, DOROTHY.....	532 E. 37th St.
CLANCY, ELEANOR.....	1743 Norman St.
CLARKE, ANN.....	447 Beach 142nd St., Rockaway Beach
CLARKE, MARGARET.....	257—127th St., Rockaway Beach
CLOTILDE, SISTER M.....	245 Clinton Ave.
COGAN, REGINA.....	521 Bedford Ave.
CONNELLY, ANNA.....	471—8th St.
COOKE, CATHERINE.....	1053—79th St.
COOKE, URSULA.....	Penataquoit Ave., Huntington, L. I.
COONEY, MARGARET.....	33 E. 31st St.
COREY, JOSEPHINE.....	130 Targue St., Stapleton, S. I.
COSTARINO, IRENE.....	238 Highland Blvd.
COUGHLIN, CATHERINE.....	17 Frances Terrace, Glen Cove
COUGHLIN, GERALDINE.....	650—59th St.
COUGHLIN, HELEN.....	17 Frances Terrace, Glen Cove
COWLEY, MARY.....	241 Denton Ave., Lynbrook, L. I.
COYNE, DOROTHY.....	1295 Sterling Pl.
CREEGAN, GERALDINE.....	1566 Kimball St.
CRONIN, MARY.....	1430 E. 24th St.
CULLEN, MARY.....	1066—48th St.

CULLIGAN, ROSE.....110-06—95th Ave., Woodhaven
 CUNNINGHAM, ELIZABETH.....237 Baltic St.
 CURREN, HELEN.....97 Charleston St., N. Y. C.
 DATRI, GILDA.....182 Bay 13th St.
 DAVID, KATHLEEN.....105 Madison St.
 DAWKINS, EDNA.....340—94th St.
 DEEGAN, ANGELA.....1532 Union St.
 DELFOE, MARIE.....255 Maple St.
 DEMPSEY, DOROTHY.....524 Beach 131st St., Belle Harbor
 DENNAN, RITA.....82 Clermont Ave.
 DERMODY, MARIE.....6598—58th St., Maspeth
 DETTLING, IRENE.....253 Hooper St.
 DE SANCTIS, ROSE.....300 W. 23rd St., N. Y. C.
 DIECKERT, FRANCES.....444—82nd St.
 DIRIG, MARY.....991 E. 37th St.
 DOHERTY, RITA.....70 Van Siclen Ave.
 DOLAN, MARY.....130 E. Lincoln Ave., Valley Stream
 DONOHUE, MILDRED.....800 Rugby Road
 DORNEY, MARGARETTA.....139—78th St.
 DOYLE, KATHERINE.....85 Hawthorne St.
 DRISCOLL, KATHRYN.....464—54th St.
 DUFFY, GRACE.....422—43rd St.
 DUFFY, MARIE.....172 Schenectady Ave.
 DWYER, CATHERINE.....1715 E. 32nd St.
 DWYER, MARY.....487—6th Ave.
 ELBERFELD, BEATRICE.....260 Morris Ave., Rockville Center
 ELBERFELD, MARION.....260 Morris Ave., Rockville Center
 ELDRIDGE, MARION.....653—75th St.
 ENGEL, VIRGINIA.....38 Ormond St., Rockville Center
 EPPIG, CATHERINE.....Babylon, L. I.
 FADROWSKY, LYDIE.....29 Valentine St.
 FALLON, LOUISE.....534 Mansfield Pl.
 FARRELL, HELEN.....291 Hart St.
 FARRELL, KATHERINE.....332 Lexington Ave.
 FERRY, MARGARET.....65 Midwood St.
 FINLEY, GRACE.....652 St. Marks Ave.
 FINN, GENEVIEVE.....688 E. 4th St.
 FLANNIGAN, MARIE.....27 Brownell St.
 FLYNN, KATHLEEN.....King's Park
 FOLEY, MARIE.....270 Marcy Ave.
 FOLEY, ELEANOR.....155 Lafayette Ave.
 FORD, JOSEPHINE.....1001 Sterling Pl.
 FORD, KATHLEEN.....9352—205th St., Hollis
 FOURNIER, LAURA.....1384 Troy Ave.
 FRAAS, AMY.....110 St. Ann's Ave., Richmond Hill
 FRENTZEL, ELEANOR.....273 Weirfield St.

PREY, KATHERINE.....	187 Jefferson St.
GAFFNEY, MARY.....	405—8th St.
GALBRAITH, FLORENCE.....	848 Hart St.
GALLEGHIER, CATHERINE.....	225 Parkside Ave.
GALLEGHIER, RUTH.....	8737—95th St., Woodhaven
GANNON, SARA.....	Westbury, L. I.
GEBELEIN, CATHERINE.....	37 Armory Court
GEGAN, ELIZABETH.....	1448—8th St.
GHIOLD, THERESA.....	605—7th St.
GIAMBOLVO, GIOVANNA.....	102 Moffatt St.
GIERY, RITA.....	1630—55th St.
GILLESPIE, ELVIRA.....	70 Wisconsin St., Long Beach
GRAINGER, ELMIRA.....	8201 Colonial Rd.
GORMAN, JANE.....	1284 Dean St.
GRADY, ANNE.....	4221 Judge St., Elmhurst
GRADY, MARGARET.....	2315 Ave. M.
GREENBAUM, BEATRICE.....	1436 Bushwick Ave.
GRIESMER, CLARA.....	1258 Madison Ave.
GRIFFIN, JEANETTE.....	3218—86th St., Jackson Hgts.
GRIFFITHS, RITA.....	7918—11th Ave.
HAMILTON, MARIE.....	21815—137th Rd., Springfield Gardens
HANRAHAN, FLORENCE.....	8911—182nd St., Jamaica
HARDING, PAULINE.....	3 Vine St., New Brighton, S. I.
HARRINGTON, MARGARET.....	122 Hendrix St.
HARRIS, EVELYN.....	582 Pacific St.
HARRISON, DOROTHY.....	410 Pulaski St.
HAROLD, DOROTHY.....	329 Beach 87th St., Rockaway Beach
HARRON, MARY.....	305 Lafayette Ave.
HEARNE, ELIZABETH.....	461—7th Ave.
HEMMINGWAY, ELIZABETH.....	1332 Union St.
HENNESSY, ANNE.....	362—85th St.
HENNESSY, ELEANOR.....	165 Prospect Park West
HENNESSY, HELEN.....	2707 Newkirk Ave.
HICKEY, MARION.....	426—85th St.
HINES, MILDRED.....	8916—187th St., Hollis
HODGINS, MARY.....	102-18—85th Drive, Richmond Hill
HOGAN, CATHELEEN.....	135 Eastern Pkway.
HOGAN, REGINA.....	1211 Ave. N
HOLLAND, EMMA.....	638 E. 23rd St.
HOPKINS, MARY.....	356—5th St.
HOTTENROTH, MURIEL.....	2216 Ave. L
HURLEY, MARY.....	59 Berkley Pl.
HYNES, SERENA.....	149 Berkley Pl.
HUGHES, GRETTA.....	184 Maple St.
IGNATIUS, SISTER M.....	245 Clinton Ave.
IMPELLIZZERI, MARY.....	250 Melrose St.

IMPELLIZZERI, MARGARET.....250 Melrose St.
 INTONDI, MODESTA.....94 Quincy St.
 IVERS, ELEANOR.....150-27—19th Ave., Whitestone
 JACOBSON, LUCILLE.....444—55th St.
 JOHNSTON, MARIE.....2511 Ave. D
 JONES, MARGARET.....416—2nd Ave.
 KAICHER, MARY.....751 Bushwick Ave.
 KAST, CORINNE.....8719 Union Turnpike
 KAVANAGH, CHRISTINE.....128 Hancock St.
 KEATING, ANNE.....1072—74th St.
 KEEGAN, ROSE.....30 Vanderbilt Ave., Floral Park
 KEENAN, CATHERINE.....438 Clermont Ave.
 KELLY, DOLORES.....1289 Brooklyn Ave.
 KELLY, DOROTHY.....312 Sycamore Ave., Merrick
 KELLY, ISABELLE.....3317 Filmore Ave.
 KELLY, CATHERINE.....119 Clinton Ave.
 KELLY, LILLIAN.....1051 Ocean Ave.
 KELLY, MARY.....312 Sycamore Ave., Merrick
 KELLY, VIVIENNE.....8538—168th Pl., Jamaica
 KENDALL, MADELINE.....3414—72nd St., Jackson Hgts.
 KENNELLY, ROSEMARY.....564 Park Pl.
 KENNY, MARGARET.....5260—68th St., Maspeth
 KIDD, MARIE.....77 W. 104th St., N. Y. C.
 KIERNAN, HELEN.....124 Locust Blvd., Valley Stream
 KILBOY, MARGARET.....230 Parkville Ave.
 KILCOIN, DOROTHY.....928 St. Nicholas Ave., N. Y. C.
 KING, RITA.....685 Sterling Pl.
 KIRGAN, ANNE.....1635 E. 46th St.
 KLIPP, JEANETTE.....2171—65th St.
 KREBS, KATHERINE.....102 Highland Pl.
 KRUM, RITA.....109-02—104th Ave., Hollis
 KUHN, MILDRED.....2520 Maclay Ave., Westchester
 LAGANA, ELEANOR.....265 Warren St.
 LAGATTUTA, ELEANOR.....349 Cornelia St.
 LATORRACO, GINA.....672—59th St.
 LAVELLE, CATHERINE.....2423 Lyvere St., Westchester
 LAVERY, MARGARET.....616 E. 19th St.
 LEAHY, MARGARET.....79 Downing St.
 LENTINI, LENA.....231 Bay 11th St.
 LILLY, MARIE.....624 Bay Ridge Pkway.
 LYNCH, ANNE.....415 Eldert Lane
 MACKINNON, BEATRICE.....1334 Union St.
 MCCARTHY, KATHILEEN.....1737 E. 24th St.
 MCCORMACK, ANNE.....54 Clarkson St.
 MCCORMICK, MARJORIE.....8 Stevens Court
 MCCORT, ANNABELLE.....91 Moffatt St.

McDONALD, ELEANOR.....8009 Harbor View Terrace
McDONNELL, JULIA.....8565—111th St., Richmond Hill
McGOVERN, FRANCES.....3734—60th St.
McGRATH, MARIE.....87 Monitor St.
McILDUFF, MARGARET.....563 E. 4th St.
McKEON, JOSEPHINE.....499—8th St.
McLERNON, MARY.....3638—90th St., Woodhaven
McLOUGHLIN, ELEANOR.....404—4th St.
McMAHON, GERALDINE.....519 Park Pl.
McMAHON, WINIFRED.....519 Park Pl.
McMULLAN, JULIANNA.....200 Prospect Pl.
McQUADE, MIRIAM.....4437 Ketchum Pl., Elmhurst
McSHANE, CATHERINE.....687 Madison St.
MAGUIRE, AILEEN.....253 Hewes St.
MANNIELLO, EMMA.....1941 E. 13th St.
MAGUIRE, MILDRED.....4015 Bedford Ave.
MANNO, MARIE.....565 Lorimer St.
MARINO, MARY.....226 Troutman St.
MARTIN, MILDRED.....1339 Bergen St.
MARTIN, SUZANNE.....719 E. 10th St.
MAUCERI, JENNIE.....131 Irving Ave.
MAZZOLI, ANGELINA.....147-10—13th Ave., Whitestone
MEARA, EDITH.....112 Lafayette Ave.
MERRILL, MARGARET.....497 Eastern Pkway.
MILLIGAN, KATHLEEN.....17 Howard Pl.
MISTRETTE, LILLIAN.....1016—38th St.
MORAN, MURIEL.....209 Maple St.
MORTON, DOROTHY.....3038—30th St., Astoria
MULLANEY, GERTRUDE.....364 Jefferson Ave.
MULLIGAN, EUCARIA.....72—77th St.
MULLIGAN, MARIE.....236—84th St.
MULRANEY, IRENE.....477—13th St.
MURPHY, MARGARET.....308 Pacific St.
MURPHY, CATHERINE.....194 Norman Ave.
MURPHY, MARIE.....145 Columbia Heights
MYERS, MARION.....163 Forest Ave., Rockville Center
MURTHA, MARY.....722 Ave. S
NAYLON, SADIE.....237—94th St.
NEALIS, DOROTHY.....627 Delamere Pl.
NEWMAN, HELEN.....758 E. 17th St.
NOLAN, MARIE.....125 Oak St.
NORTAN, MARIE.....220-17—92nd Ave., Queens Village
O'BRIEN, ROSE.....23 Stuyvesant Ave.
O'CONNOR, BEATRIX.....47 Rutland Rd.
O'CONNOR, CLARE.....474—82nd St
O'CONNOR, MARIE.....247 Washington Ave.

O'CONNOR, MARY.....80 Norman Ave.
 O'DONNELL, HELEN.....139 E. 54th St.
 O'DONNELL, MARY.....514—10th St.
 O'DONOHUE, MARIE.....726 Foster Ave.
 O'NEILL, JOSEPHINE.....508 DeKalb Ave.
 O'REILLY, ALICE.....8634—105th St., Richmond Hill
 OLIVER, GENEVIEVE.....27 Clifton Pl.
 OLIVER, MARGARET.....27 Clifton Pl.
 OWENS, BARBARA.....140-70 Burden Crescent, Jamaica
 PARKER, IRENE.....77 New York Ave.
 PARRINO, MARY.....690 McDonough St.
 PISANI, JOSEPHINE.....2 Oliver St.
 POLLACK, RITA.....959 Bedford Ave.
 POWELL, MARGARET.....1724 E. 24th St.
 PRENDERGAST, JANET.....226 Fenimore St.
 PROUT, HELEN.....9258—215th Pl., Queens Village
 PYNE, DOROTHY.....466—16th St.
 QUIGLEY, ADELE.....248 Garfield Pl.
 QUINN, MARY.....27 Weberfield Ave., Freeport
 QUINOTTE, MARTHE.....431 W. 121st St., N. Y. C.
 RAFFERTY, MARY.....94 Hamilton Ave., New Brighton, S. I.
 RAYMOND, FLORENCE.....143 Skillman St.
 REILLY, GRACE.....52 Bradford St.
 REILLY, KATHERINE.....30 Apollo St.
 REILLY, MADELINE.....120-06—133rd Ave., Richmond Hill
 RENDA, ROSE.....1661 Benson Ave.
 REYNOLDS, RITA.....2525 Delamore Pl.
 RICKERBY, MARIE.....141 McDonough St.
 RIORDAN, KATHERINE.....703 Sterling Pl.
 ROESER, DOROTHY.....1029—82nd St.
 ROMANO, CATHERINE.....8005—12th Ave.
 RUANE, HELEN.....9140—112th St., Richmond Hill
 SABATTINO, MARIE.....2022 Ave. K
 SALSANO, CATHERINE.....109 St. Marks Pl.
 SAWYER, HELEN.....62 Monroe St.
 SCHAEFER, ELIZABETH.....463 Bainbridge St.
 SCHLUTER, MARIE.....903 Bushwick Ave.
 SCHOLLY, MIRIAM.....198 Maple Ave., Rockville Center
 SCHROEDER, HELEN.....811 Ave. P
 SCULLY, ADA.....256 Gates Ave.
 SEXTON, GERMAINE.....298 Windsor Pl.
 SHARPE, VIVIA.....9435 Woodbine St., Ridgewood
 SHEEHY, MARY.....17 Foxall St.
 SHEERIN, MURIEL.....9320 Ridge Blvd.
 SHERIDAN, MARY.....2 Jayne Ave., Patchogue
 SHERIDAN, ROSEMARY.....229 Macon St.

SINISCALCHI, MADELINE.....439 Union Ave., Westbury
 SMITH, CLAIRE.....517 E. 35th St.
 SNOW, DOROTHY.....417—45th St.
 STANLEY, EDITH.....1401 W. 6th St.
 STEINBRECKER, MURIEL.....117-14—130th St., Ozone Park
 STEWARD, MARGARET.....1371 Union St.
 STOKES, ANN.....101-31—112th St., Richmond Hill
 STRUGLIA, MARIA.....1231—68th St.
 SULLIVAN, ETHEL.....73—89th St.
 SULLIVAN, KATHRYN.....9040—55th Ave., Elmhurst
 SWANTON, SUE.....491 Vanderbilt Ave., Stapleton, S. I.
 TEEHAN, RITA.....2023 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.
 TIERNAN, SOPHIA.....356—94th St.
 THEIS, MARIE.....15A Berkley Pl.
 TONER, AGNES.....768 Hancock St.
 TWYFORD, GRACE.....239 Bainbridge St.
 UNSER, GERTRUDE.....349 Evergreen Ave.
 VAUGHAN, KATHLEEN.....114 E. 28th St.
 VENEZIA, MARY.....189 Wilson Ave.
 VICTORY, IRENE.....249—128th St., Belle Harbor
 VICTORY, KATHERINE.....249—128th St., Belle Harbor
 WALLACE, MARGARET.....8763—115th St., Richmond Hill
 WALSH, NORA 214 Franklin Ave., New Brighton, S. I.
 WALSH, AUDREY.....362 Linden Blvd.
 WARD, GRACE.....539 Garfield Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
 WARD, MARIE.....257—5th St.
 WEINFURT, ELLEN.....15 Mount Ave., Rockville Center
 WHELAN, MARY.....76—88th St.
 WHITE, ANNE.....81 Clinton Ave.
 WHITE, MARY.....81 Clinton Ave.
 WILLMOTT, MARION.....208 Weirfield St.
 WINHEIM, MARGARET.....51 Cristobal St., Lynbrook
 WORTHLEY, GLADYS.....321 Park Pl.
 YOUNG, GERALDINE.....41-78 Farley St., Elmhurst
 ZEGERS, MARGARET.....458—16th St.

ALUMNAE DIRECTORY

MISS ALICE ADAMS.....	8877 112th St., Richmond Hill
MISS HELEN ALLEN.....	Brighton Heights, Staten Island
MRS. JOSEPHINE WEIDEN BARTH.....	114-78 176th St., St. Albans, L. I. (Mrs. Joseph)
MISS ELEANOR BARRETT	800 Hancock Street
MISS HELEN BARTHEN.....	193 Lafayette Avenue, Salem Mass.
MRS. ETHEL SHERRIE BAXTER.....	29 Norwood Avenue, Clifton, Staten Island (Mrs. Nicholas)
MISS HELEN BENNETT.....	662 61st Street
MISS EMMA BERGEN.....	3872 Bedford Avenue
MISS GERTRUDE BERRY.....	140 82nd Street
MISS CATHERINE BETT.....	824 52nd Street
MRS. ALICE HARRIGAN BIEHL.....	124 Stuyvesant Place, St. George, S. I. (Mrs. Albert)
MRS. MAY DANNENHOFFER BIGALL.....	8820 Crestwood Avenue, Hollis (Mrs. Edmund)
MISS MARY BIRD	9406 34th Road, Jackson Heights
MISS DOROTHY BIRD.....	9406 34th Road, Jackson Heights
MRS. AGNES HEARNS BOGAN.....	415 East 16th Street (Mrs. C.)
MISS MILDRED BOGAN.....	1647 East 15th Street
MISS MARY BOLTON	2 Willow Street
MISS AMY BONNET.....	388 Park Place
MISS GENEVIEVE BOSTON.....	514 Bergen Street
MISS COLLETTE BOURKE.....	667 Park Place
MISS KATHERINE BOURKE.....	667 Park Place
MISS HELEN BRADLEY.....	King's Park, L. I.
MRS. RITA FEARON BRYAN.....	51 Lawrence St., Lynbrook, L. I. (Mrs. George)
MISS GRACE BYRNE.....	895 St. Marks Avenue
MISS HELEN CALLAHAN.....	763 8th Avenue, N. Y. C.
MISS HELEN CAMPBELL.....	187 Washington Park
MISS ADELINE CANNING.....	212 8th Avenue
MISS GENEVIEVE CARTER.....	1751 West 10th Street
MRS. VIOLET FARRELL CARTY.....	61A 7th Avenue (Mrs. Patrick)
MISS CECILE CASSIDY	2318 82nd Street
MISS CONCEPTA CASTELLANO	274 Washington Ave.
MISS HELEN CAULFIELD.....	939 Sterling Place
MISS MIRIAM CLEARY	221 East 17th St., N. Y. C.
MISS JOSEPHINE CODDINGTON.....	Locust Valley, L. I.
MISS LORETTA COLBORNE.....	1246 Pacific Street
MISS AGNES COMERFORD	136 East 35th Street

MRS. MARGARET MEEHAN COPELAND.....925 Union Street
 (Mrs. George)
 MISS MARGARET CONWAY 367 Grant Avenue
 MISS CAROLINE CORCORAN.....3204 Avenue L.
 MISS EUGENIE CORMIER.....240 Waverly Place, N. Y. C.
 MISS ELIZABETH CORRIGAN.....103 2nd Place
 MISS AGNES CORRY 167 Quincy Street
 MISS SYLVIA CORSIGLIA 282 President Street
 MISS MARGARET COSGROVE 243 6th Avenue
 MRS. VIRGINIA FOX COUGHLIN.....8615 Fort Hamilton Parkway
 (Mrs. Robert)
 MISS AGNES COUGHLIN.....35 Francis Terrace, Glen Cove
 MISS EILEEN COX 152 Midwood Street
 MRS. THERESE DEVOE CREEM.....4027 Glenne St., Elmhurst, L. I.
 (Mrs. John)
 MRS. DOROTHY DEMPSEY CROWLEY.....307 Eastern Parkway
 (Mrs. Ambrose)
 MARGARET CROWLEY' 45 S. 23rd Street, Flushing
 MISS SARAH CROWLEY 1186 Troy Avenue
 MISS MARIE CUNNINGHAM 916 Lincoln Place
 MISS MARY CUNNINGHAM.....3530 93rd Street, Elmhurst, L. I.
 DR. HELEN D'ALBORA CUOCO.....52 94th Street
 (Mrs. Mario)
 MISS MARY DALTON 398 4th Street
 MISS AGNES DALY.....North Botanic Place, Flushing, L. I.
 MRS. ANNA McDONALD DANNEMILLER.....264 Lincoln Road
 (Mrs. Edward)
 MRS. MARY DEHLER MURPHY..Park Lane South Apt., 88th St., Woodhaven, L. I.
 (Mrs. Thomas)
 MRS. MARY LYNCH DELAMETER.....618 11th Street
 (Mrs. J.)
 MISS HELEN DELANEY.....842 Park Place
 MISS LORETTA DEMPSEY.....307 Eastern Parkway
 MISS NORAH DESJARDINS Forestport, New York
 MISS DOROTHY DEVEREAUX.....2 Islington Place, Jamaica, L. I.
 MISS GERTRUDE DILWORTH 8938 116th Street, Richmond Hill, L. I.
 MISS ANN MARIE DOLAN.....559 9th Street
 MISS BERNADETTE DOLAN.....559 9th Street
 MISS CECELIA DOLAN 1430 Pacific Street
 MISS ELEANOR DOLAN.....184 Winthrop Street
 MISS ANGELA DONALDSON.....528 4th Street
 MISS DOROTHY DONELAN.....36 Milburn Avenue, Baldwin, L. I.
 MRS. MILDRED HAYES DONAHUE....64 Locust Boulevard, Valley Stream, L. I.
 (Mrs. Vincent)
 MRS. MARIE SAVINO DONAHUE.....1028 Ocean Parkway
 (Mrs. James)
 MISS ISABELLE DONOHUE.....319 Webster Avenue

MRS. ROSE STUART DORAN.....New Dorp Road, Staten Island
 (Mrs. Thomas)
 MRS. CHRISTINE GIBSON DOUGHERTY.....401 76th Street
 (Mrs. Lewis)
 MISS DOROTHY DOWNS.....5th Avenue, Mineola, L. I.
 MISS CONSTANCE DOYLE.....647 Macon Street
 MISS MARGARET DOYLE.....1059 East 2nd Street
 MISS MARGUERITE DOYLE.....75 Vanderbilt Avenue
 MRS. MARION McKENNA DOYLE.....31 Miller Avenue, Hempstead, L. I.
 (Mrs. Palmer)
 MISS VIRGILE DOYLE.....468 82nd Street
 MRS. MARGARET HARNETT DRISCOLL.....665 East 9th Street
 (Mrs. J.)
 MISS KATHLEEN DUGAN.....122 Bay 22nd Street
 MISS ANNA DUNNIGAN.....584 Lincoln Place
 MISS KATHERINE DWYER.....629 Eastern Parkway
 MISS BARBARA ECKELS.....167-01 Highland Avenue, Jamaica
 MISS JOSEPHINE EPPIG Babylon, L. I.
 MISS JEANETTE FARRELL.....221 Baltic Street
 MRS. EVELYN DOTZLER FELBER.....Tientsin, China-American Barracks
 (Mrs. Joseph)
 MISS THERESA FELITTI.....403 East 114th St., N. Y. C.
 MISS MARGARET FITZGERALD.....3321 Avenue M
 MISS ROSEMARY FLEMING.....113 Toledo Street, Elmhurst, L. I.
 MISS EVELYN FOPPIANI.....4228 South 68th Street
 MISS MYRTLE FOSTER.....1470 Glenwood Road
 MISS CATHERINE FOURNIER.....291 Lincoln Road
 MISS ALLENE FRISSE.....115-24 Grosvenor Place, Kew Gardens, L. I.
 MISS ALICE GALLAGHER.....904 Lincoln Place
 MISS BERNADETTE GARVEY.....287 East 18th Street
 MISS GERTRUDE GERETY.....957 East 37th Street
 MISS CATHERINE GILLOON.....350 West 48th Street, N. Y. C.
 MISS FILOMENA GIORGIO.....8913 88th Street, Woodhaven, L. I.
 MRS. MARIE GLASSON BAUM.....1927 New York Avenue
 (Mrs. J.)
 MISS MARY GOLDEN.....16 Polhemus Place
 MRS. ALICE GRAINGER HEAPHY.....522 Ocean Avenue
 MISS MARY GREENE.....195-03 Hillside Avenue, Hollis, L. I.
 MRS. ETHEL KELLAM GRIEBE.....318 East 16th Street
 (Mrs. Robert)
 MISS HELEN GRIFFITHS.....623 East 17th Street
 MISS JULIA GUBITOSI.....491 18th Street
 MISS ISABEL HALL.....430 Clinton Avenue
 MISS RUTH HAGEN.....1273 Park Place
 MISS ALICE HALLORAN.....61 Tompkinsville, Tompkinsville, Staten Island
 MISS DOROTHY HAND.....Cutchogue, L. I.

MISS DOROTHY HANNIGAN.....54 Shepherd Avenue, Lynbrook, L. I.
 MISS JEANETTE HANNAN.....2717 Avenue M
 MISS VERONICA HANNON.....101-111th Street, Richmond Hill
 MISS ANNA HARRIGAN.....243 Rutland Road
 MISS HELEN HARRISON.....410 Pulaski Street
 MISS GRACE HART.....311 16th Street
 MISS CATHERINE HAVELIN.....77 Dykeman Street
 MISS ZITA HAWKINS.....417 Pacific Street
 MISS VIOLA HEARNS.....201 Hancock Street
 MISS ELIZABETH HEBRON.....3439 32nd Street, Astoria, L. I.
 MISS BLANCHE HENNESSY.....2707 Newkirk Avenue
 MISS MARY HENNESSY.....162 Elderts Lane
 MRS. MARJORIE NOLAN HIGGINS.....1903 Ocean Avenue
 (Mrs. William)
 MISS MARIE HILT.....807 East 8th Street
 MRS. HELEN STRAUB HILLMAN.....6818 110th Street, Richmond Hill, L. I.
 (Mrs. Everett)
 MRS. CATHERINE HANNAN HINES.....635 East 21st Street
 (Mrs. Arthur)
 MRS. EDNA McCORMACK HIRST.....Hotel Outwood, Mt. Pocono, Pa.
 (Mrs. Edward)
 MISS TERESA HOFFMAN.....8576 87th Street
 MISS SARAH HOLIEN.....142 Academy Street, Astoria, L. I.
 MRS. GLADYS REARDON HUGHES.....8824 Bay 9th Street
 (Mrs. Joseph)
 MISS BERNADETTE HUGHES.....2600 Ocean Avenue
 MISS GRACE HUNDEMANN.....590 Henderson Avenue, West Brighton, S. I.
 MISS MARY HUNT.....1872 East 51st Street
 DR. MARY HUSCHLE.....241 Hillside Avenue, Jamaica, L. I.
 MISS CATHERINE IRWIN.....394 East 18th Street
 MRS. TERESA DOLAN JANTON.....122 Beach Street, Westwood, N. J.
 (Mrs. Howard)
 MISS MARGARET JOHNSTON.....970 East 19th Street
 MISS GERTRUDE JONES.....147 Columbia Heights
 MRS. MURIEL MCCARTHY JONES.....6735 Ridge Boulevard
 (Mrs. Meredith)
 MISS ELIZABETH JUDGE.....61 Prospect Place
 MISS LUCY JUDICE.....2778 West 15th Street
 MISS MARY KANE.....1135 Carroll Street
 MISS TERESA KEANE.....57 Van Buren Street
 MISS KATHLEEN KEARNEY.....34 West 97th Street, N. Y. C.
 MISS MARIE KEEGAN.....30 Vanderbilt Avenue, Floral Park, L. I.
 MRS. CATHERINE LYNCH KEELY.....404 Foster Avenue
 (Mrs. Earl)
 MISS KATHERINE KEELY.....2016 East 19th Street
 MISS MARY KELLER.....1561 East 12th Street
 MISS MARIE KELLEY.....1519 Union Street

MISS AGNES KELLY.....1289 Brooklyn Avenue
 MRS. GENEVIEVE ARCHIPOLI KELLY.....260 Jay Street
 MISS MARY KELLY.....1289 Brooklyn Avenue
 MISS NORMA KELLY.....224-28th Chestnut Street, Queens Village
 MISS MARY KEMP.....187 8th Avenue
 MISS AGNES KENNY.....1133 Vyse Avenue, N. Y. C.
 MISS ANNE KENNY.....222 Monroe Street
 MISS HELEN KENNY.....35 Wilson Avenue, South Lynbrook, L. I.
 MRS. VIRGINIA NATHAN KILFOYLE.....1 Martense Court
 (Mrs. Daniel)
 MISS HELEN KILGALLEN.....664 59th Street
 MISS KATHRYN KILGALLEN.....441 43rd Street
 MISS RUTH KRAMER.....624 6th Street
 MISS LILLIAN KRAUS.....52 Magnolia Avenue, Dumont, N. J.
 MISS FLORENCE KREISCHER.....229 Main Street, Hempstead, L. I.
 MISS VIRGINIA LAUDRY.....8214 Ridge Boulevard
 MISS KATHERINE LAVERY.....616 East 19th Street
 MISS EILEEN LAVIN.....42 Willett Street, Jamaica, L. I.
 MISS IRENE LAVIN.....42 Willett Street, Jamaica, L. I.
 MISS RUTH LAVIN.....42 Willett Street, Jamaica, L. I.
 MISS EULALIA LAWSON.....Harrington Park, N. J.
 MISS DORIS LEAVY.....456 40th Street
 MISS IRENE LENT.....112-04 92nd Street
 MISS GRACE LEWIS.....8440 118th Street
 MISS HELEN LIVELLARA.....177 Patchen Avenue
 MISS MARY LOFTUS.....516 61st Street
 MISS GERTRUDE LOUGHLIN.....86 Broadway, Amityville, L. I.
 MRS. AGNES ROWLAND LOUGHRAN.....3026 35th Street
 (Mrs. Charles)
 MISS ALITA LUDDER.....1438 Bushwick Avenue
 MISS ETHEL MADDEN.....513 Lexington Avenue
 MRS. GENEVIEVE SHERIDAN MAGEE.....44 Butler Place
 (Mrs. William)
 MISS RHODA MAGNOR.....7201 4th Avenue
 MISS MAY MAGRATH.....1322 Dean Street
 MISS LUCY MAGUIRE.....135 East 30th St., N. Y. C.
 MRS. CHARLOTTE NOLAN MANNING.....203 Underhill Avenue
 (Mrs. E. Robert)
 MISS MARY MANNING.....8023 Ridge Boulevard
 MISS TERESA MANNING.....9725 80th Street, Ozone Park, L. I.
 MRS. GRACE O'BRIEN MARTIN.....724 East 27th Street
 (Mrs. Michael)
 MISS FLORENCE MCBARRON.....76 Wilson Street
 MISS HELEN MCCAFFREY.....581 Carlton Avenue
 MISS RITA MCCAFFREY.....581 Carlton Avenue
 MISS MARGARET MCCAULEY.....528 58th Street

MISS MARIE McCONNELL.....925 Putnam Avenue
MISS RUTH McCORMACK.....133 Lefferts Avenue
MISS ROSEMARY McDERMOTT.....595 4th Street
MISS ANNA McDONALD.....1250 Pacific Street
MISS MARY McDONNELL.....8565 111th Street, Richmond Hill, L. I.
MRS. ELSA HARPER McEVoy.....44 Waldorf Court
(Mrs. James)
MISS MARY McGINNIS.....434 74th Street
MISS LOUISE McGOUGH.....229 Hudson Street, N. Y. C.
MISS ALICE McGRANE.....326 Bainbridge Street
MISS FRANCES McGUIRE.....152 Hewes Street
MISS HORTENSE MCGREVEY.....43 Ronoke Avenue, Far Rockaway, L. I.
MISS CATHERINE McKENNA.....400 Clinton Avenue
MISS JULIA McKEON.....1379 East 19th Street
MISS CECELIA McLOUGHLIN.....1485 East 12th Street
MISS EILEEN McLOUGHLIN.....1485 East 12th Street
MISS EILEEN J. McLOUGHLIN.....361 1st Street
MISS IRENE McMAHON.....308 St. James Place
MRS. MARIAN CLARKE McMANUS.....1597 East 43rd Street
(Mrs. John)
MISS VERONICA McNALLY.....8902 215th Street, Queens Village, L. I.
MISS EILEEN McNAMARA.....1278 East 35th Street
MISS CATHERINE McNEELY.....215 Prospect Place
MISS MARGARET McNULTY.....126 Herkimer Street
MISS MILDRED McNULTY.....476 Clinton Avenue
MISS AGNES McSHANE.....687 Madison Street
MISS MARIE McMURRAY.....3069 Villa Avenue, Fordham, N. Y.
MISS MARY MEANY.....80 Clinton Avenue
MISS MARY MIDDLECAMP.....Box 542 Westbury, L. I.
MISS MARY MINER.....37 Midwood Street
MISS MARY MIRABELLA.....242 Carroll Street
MRS. AGNES CONNOLLY MONAGHAN.....8722 Colonial Road
MISS DOROTHY MORAN.....446 Beechwood Place, Westfield, N. J.
MRS. ELLEN MONAGHAN McGOWAN.....3069 Villa Avenue, Fordham
MRS. MARGARET KEENAN MOYLES.....340 Maple Street
(Mrs. William)
MISS KATHLEEN MULROONEY.....953 St. John's Place
MISS REGINA MUNZ.....801 Willoughby Avenue
MISS DOROTHEA MURPHY 8531 120th Street
MISS GERTRUDE MURPHY.....446 48th Street
MISS MARJORIE MURPHY.....212 West 82nd Street, N. Y. C.
MRS. MARY ST. JOHN MURPHY.....240 Crown Street
(Mrs. G.)
MISS EILEEN MURRAY.....882 Park Place
MISS MARY MURRAY.....882 Park Place

MRS. MARY CHERRY NEWBEGIN.....216 St. James' Place
 (Mrs. Robert III)
 MISS FLORENCE NEWMAN.....758 East 17th Street
 MISS AGNES NOONAN.....101 Lynbrook Avenue, Lynbrook, L. I.
 MISS KATHERINE NORMILE.....314 8th Avenue
 MISS MARGARET NORMILE.....314 8th Avenue
 MISS AGNES O'CONNOR.....176 Beach 123rd Street, Belle Harbor, L. I.
 MRS. AGNITA DUFFY O'CONNOR.....2558 Marion Avenue, Bronx
 (Mrs. Clarence)
 MISS MARGARET O'DONNELL.....514 10th Street
 MISS IRENE DWYER.....430 Clinton Avenue
 MISS CATHERINE O'HALE.....416 81st Street
 MRS. ELEANOR HOWARD O'LEARY.....1 University Place
 (Mrs. A.)
 MISS ETHNE O'LEARY 1732 East 19th Street
 MISS HONORA OLIVE 120-27 142nd Street, Ozone Park, L. I.
 MISS CLAIRE O'MALLEY 635 West 174th Street, N. Y. C.
 MISS EMILY O'MEARA 9 Palmetto Street
 MISS MARY O'MEARA 96 Decatur Street
 MISS MARION O'REILLY 642 2nd Street
 MISS MARGARET ORMOND 522 East 25th Street
 MRS. MABEL BARTON O'SHEA 460 59th Street
 (Mrs. Joseph)
 MISS MARIE O'SHEA 571 Madison Street
 MRS. MARGARET LYNCH O'TOOLE.....7022 Ridge Boulevard
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 MISS MARION PACKERT 91 East 21st Street
 MISS HELEN PARKS Bush Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.
 MISS ELINOR PARKS 336 7th Street
 MISS AGNES PATTISON.....7507 6th Avenue
 MISS REGINA PEPPARD 468A 16th Street
 MISS ETHEL PERKINS 539 3rd Street
 MISS AGNES PHILLIPS 120 South Oxford Street
 MISS MARGARET PIGGOTT 8012 Colonial Road
 MRS. FLORENCE NOLAN PLANT.....188-20 122nd Avenue, St. Albans, L. I.
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 MISS CLAIRE PLEINES 1403 Lorraine Avenue
 MISS EMILY PLEINES 1403 Lorraine Avenue
 MRS. MARGARET HOWARD PONVERT 205 East 17th Street
 (Mrs. E. K.)
 MISS VIRGINIA QUINN 80 Vanderbilt Avenue
 MISS ETHEL REARDON 129 89th Street
 MISS FRANCES REARDON 129 89th Street
 MISS MARGARET REILLY 411 Ocean Avenue
 MISS CONSTANCE REYNOLDS 49 Wellington Court
 MISS GERTRUDE REYNOLDS 2525 Delamere Place
 MISS GRACE REYNOLDS 2303 Newkirk Avenue

MISS HELEN REYNOLDS 2303 Newkirk Avenue
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 MISS CONSTANCE RICK 755 Monroe Street
 MISS GERTRUDE ROBERTS 6744 Ridge Boulevard
 MRS. SARINA CALI ROCCO 507 East 5th Street
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 MISS LILLIAN ROCHE 1210 John Street, Far Rockaway, L. I.
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 MISS MARIETTA ROCKEFELLER 46 Park Place
 MISS IRENE ROTH 793 Willoughby Avenue
 MISS EULALIA ROWAN 89 Lefferts Place
 MISS LOUISE ROWLAND 46 Linden Boulevard
 MISS CATHERINE SABBATINO 420 Ocean Parkway
 MISS CATHERINE SAVINO 525 Avenue J
 MRS. MURIEL SIMPSON SCHOTT 555 77th Street
 (Mrs. Charles)
 MRS. P. MOLESPIINI SCHENONE.....150 Prospect Park West
 (Dr. Roger)
 MISS GABRIELLE SCHLEGEL 428 Greene Avenue
 MISS ANNE SCHNEIDER 2016 Himrod Street
 MISS ANN SCHRAGE 232 Amherst Avenue, Jamaica, L. I.
 MISS THERESA SCHREIBER 148-40 Degraw Street, Jamaica, L. I.
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 (Mrs. Edward)
 MISS CATHERINE SHANNON 135 Madison Street
 MISS MARIE SHEEHAN 51 Colonial Avenue, Forest Hills, L. I.
 MRS. CATHERINE QUINN SHELL 422 73rd Street
 (Mrs. William)
 MISS MARY SHERIDAN 422 8th Street
 MISS MARY SHINNICK 7607 Colonial Road
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 (Mrs. Melville)
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 MISS FRANCES SMITH 749 Hancock Street
 MRS. IRA O'CONNOR SMITH.....285 Hawthorne Street
 (Mrs. Norbert)
 MISS MARY STACK 1869 East 24th Street
 MISS VIRGINIA STACK 1569 East 13th Street

MISS CLARE STANTON 1977 East 29th Street
MISS ESTELLE STAWIARSKI 474 4th Street
MISS HELEN STEWART 2101 Beekman Place
MISS DOROTHEA SULLIVAN 167 12 Highland Avenue, Jamaica
MISS HELEN SULLIVAN 570 Pacific Street
MISS MARGARET SULLIVAN.....559 59th Street
MISS ELEANOR SURPLESS 290 Empire Boulevard
MISS MARION TEAKEN 8904 Shore Court
MISS DOROTHY THOMPSON 345 St. John's Place
MISS SALLY TODD 402 Sterling Place
MISS MARION TOSHACK 241 Washington Avenue
MISS KATHLEEN THOMPSON 149 Willow Street
MISS CATHERINE TRACY Forestport, N. Y.
MRS. KATHRYN FISCHER TRACY 168 East 31st Street
(Mrs. James)
MISS THERESA TRAUN 355 Evergreen Avenue
MISS CECELIA TRUNZ 283 Highland Boulevard
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MISS CATHERINE WHEELER 9 Poplar Street

MISS HELEN WILLIAMS 7609 6th Avenue
MISS DOROTHY WILLMANN.....877 Park Place
MISS KATHRYN WILSON 423 Clermont Avenue
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(Margaret Kelly)
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(Rosamond Thompson)
SISTER MARY GERALDINE D'Youville College, Buffalo, N. Y.
(Agnes Byrne)
SISTER MARY OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI
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(Roselyn Weiden)
SISTER M. SCHOLASTICA St. Joseph's Convent, Brentwood, L. I.
(Marie Brennan)
SISTER MARY MADELEINE.....Sisters of Mercy, Syosset, L. I.
(Ellen Manning)

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